

LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
KINGSTON CITY, NEW YORK

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 103, NO. 26

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1940

NUMBER 1360

Cracks in Hitler's Walls

The whole picture of the war is beginning to change before our eyes. It is too soon to say that the Axis powers are losing; but it is not too soon to predict that if they do lose, the turning point has already been seen. The British success in Egypt and now in Libya, the Greek advance in Albania, have sent an electrifying whisper of hope around the world. Turkey has been heartened to resist Hitler, and behind Turkey, and far more important, Russia herself. The myth of Axis invincibility is shattered. Pétain senses it in his old bones, and feels strong enough to shift his course a little away from the Nazi line. There are patriotic demonstrations in Denmark and sabotage against Quisling in Norway. In Africa and Albania, Il Duce's soldiers surrender in such numbers that it seems more like mass desertion than bitter defeat. There are rumblings at home in Italy; it is clear that Mussolini's flock has no stomach for a war of conquest which can only end in making Hitler, the big end of the Axis, bigger than ever. To be sure, there are bitter and anxious days ahead for the democracies; ultimate defeat is still quite possible. Nevertheless, the situation has brightened more than anyone would have dreamed that it could, a few weeks ago.

Defense Is Lagging

The American people are gradually discovering what The New Republic and some other journals have been saying for months: that our defense program is

lagging badly at the very moment when England, awaiting a possible final great effort at invasion in the spring, needs our aid most of all. The outline by now is fairly familiar: manufacturers refuse to expand their plants because they want to return to an economics of scarcity when the emergency is over; army and navy bureaucrats are suddenly confronted by jobs far too big for them; there is division of authority, duplication of effort, confusion and waste; the responsible officials are far too tender toward autocratic and insolent industrialists, far too much poisoned with the doctrine of business as usual. Britain's needs are becoming more desperately urgent, and if they are not supplied we shall have to face the Axis alone and without sufficient preparation. What did the people elect Mr. Roosevelt for? Many assume that this country will not take hold of its job unless war is actually declared. We do not see why it is not possible for the President to convince the country that the best way to avoid such a step is to act now just as if we were producing in wartime. If he declares a full emergency and proceeds to exercise the necessary powers, the country will back him up.

Vichy

The air is full of explanations of why Laval fell. We are told: (1) that he plotted to overthrow Pétain and head the state; (2) that he had been too tender toward the former government leaders who are still awaiting trial for their "treason"; (3) that this was Hitler's plot and Laval was only his tool; (4) that Laval was Mussolini's man and that he was deposed

CONTENTS

The Week	851
Editorials	
Strange Humility in the NAM	854
The Leader of the Opposition	855
Christmas	856
General Articles:	
The Alternative to Fascism	857
Denmark under Duress Francis Hackett	860
What Is the Middle West Thinking?	
Irving Dilliard	862
"Stick in a Poem" (verse) Milton Kaplan	863
Matsuoka-san: A Portrait Ernest O. Hauser	864
Zorella's Hat Fannie Cook	866

Dirge for the Living (verse) Eve Merriam	867
Washington Notes T. R. B.	868
Records: Partial Round-up Stanley Ferguson	869
Philadelphia and Bagdad Otis Ferguson	869
The Bandwagon	870
Correspondence	871
Books in Review	
Conrad: Nel Mezzo del Cammin	
Morton Dauwen Zabel	873
More American Songs Abbe Niles	874
Scandal in the Cloakroom Dawn Powell	875
What People Want F. Creed	875
Walpole and Trelawny Edgar Johnson	876
The Barometer of Education Theodore Brameld	876

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1940, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

to show that Hitler was cross with Il Duce. Whatever the reason, the change means little in practical fact. Flandin, who takes Laval's place, is just as much pro-Fascist. France is still almost entirely at Germany's mercy in the final test. It is not improbable that Hitler pushed Laval forward to create conflict between him and Pétain, hoping thereby to destroy the French people's confidence in all their leaders and create even deeper chaos than exists now. There is no doubt that Hitler wanted to help Mussolini by using the French navy and the French naval bases. Pétain may still be forced to yield to an ultimatum; but it is heartening that he has felt strong enough to resist to the present extent. It is important to remember that while the French democratic flame has wavered, it has never gone out. A British victory, or even a decisive turn in the fortunes of the war, would fan it again into life.

Where Does Weygand Stand?

"I am here to serve my country. That country is Marshal Pétain incarnated. There is not any second France."

Thus, General Weygand in his interview with Jay Allen in North Africa. After this indirect rejection of General de Gaulle's "Free France" he criticized the British and American press for hinting that all was not well in his relations with his chief. But at no time did he suggest that his loyalty was to anyone save Pétain, and France as represented by Pétain.

There is no reason to doubt Weygand's remarks as to where his duty lies. But there is equally no reason to elaborate them. They may have been disappointing to optimists in England and the United States, but there was nothing in them to encourage Hitler's hopes that Weygand would support the "New Europe." One might say that the only measure of North African "loyalty" is in Pétain's own attitude toward Nazi pressure. For the Nazis have not left a truncated, "independent" France out of sheer goodness of heart. The Vichy regime exists mainly because it is the only link between the Nazis and the French colonies. Weygand is Pétain's only card—and a strong one. We should bear this in mind in view of present rumors that Hitler will occupy the whole of France. It seems probable that he will do so only if he believes that such an annexation will prove more valuable than retention of the French colonies.

Is Britain Appeasing Spain?

Many Americans have been puzzled by British policy toward Spain. Sir Samuel Hoare, one of the great appeasers and co-author of the infamous Hoare-Laval plan, is British Ambassador in Madrid, and when it was announced that Great Britain would sign a trade treaty, give Spain credits and let food through the blockade, it seemed logical to fear that he might be doing more work of his familiar pattern. The New

Republic a few days ago asked a well informed Englishman in London to explain the Spanish policy, and this is his cabled reply, received just as we go to press:

The recent precarious naval situation in the Mediterranean explains British policy toward Spain. Until Crete was available and before the Taranto exploit, Italian tonnage was numerically superior to the British ships available and had better bases. Hitler was negotiating with Laval to obtain the coöperation of the French fleet. If Franco had opened the Pyrenees for the passage of the German army against Gibraltar and given Spanish forts for use against British shipping, the latter's navy would have faced an almost impossible task. Hence the diplomatic efforts to delay or prevent Spain's entry into the war. These indicate an acute local anxiety rather than a general tendency to revert to appeasement, of which there is no sign in any other direction.

Whether our correspondent is right, remains to be seen. It is disturbing to note that a few days ago, in complete violation of the agreement establishing Tangier as an international zone, General Franco dissolved the international administration, dismissing all British, French and Italian employees, including the police force. The Spanish authorities are now in complete control. This is the latest of a series of steps which had previously whittled away the international supervision. It is reported that Tangier is being fortified, that a fully staffed naval base has been established and that at least two Italian submarines are using the harbor.

Spanish Republicans in Danger

While England is appeasing Franco in this strictly limited sense, Franco is certainly not appeasing world opinion. A few weeks ago he executed a group of leading figures of the Spanish Republic without the least compassion. Among them was Luis Companys, former President of Catalonia. About ninety prominent Catalans and Spanish Republicans, who were refugees in France, have recently been handed over by Pétain to Franco and are locked up in Montjuic Castle. On the list are Nicolau d'Olwer, former professor of Greek at the University of Barcelona; Professor Bellido, an outstanding Catholic; Pedro Rico, a Moderate Socialist who was Mayor of Madrid; and Sra. Federica Muntseny, one of Republican Spain's distinguished women, Minister of Public Health under Caballero. It is obvious that the lives of these prominent Republicans are in the gravest danger. The only thing that could prevent Franco from acting the butcher would be the realization that the eyes of world public opinion are upon him.

Friends of Franco Over Here

What Franco has been doing makes all the more odd the actions of the little group of men in the American State Department who have been trying to

get for him an American loan of anything between a hundred millions and a quarter of a billion. Who are these men? Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, in their syndicated column, have charged that they include Alexander W. Weddell, American Ambassador to Spain, and Breckenridge Long, Assistant Secretary of State. Tabitha Petran, writing in PM, says that Avra Warren, chief of the Visa Division, is another of the State Department functionaries who belong in this general group. We do not know whether there is truth in the charges these various journalists make. We do know, however, that it is important, both for the sake of the officials concerned, and for that of the American government, that such accusations should be sifted thoroughly and the results made public.

Mr. Pegler Makes a Slip

Westbrook Pegler, the Roman Catholic columnist, follows the line of his Church in most matters in a reasonably faithful manner; but sometimes he either gets ahead of it, or lags behind it. In a recent column, he bitterly attacked those organizations that are bringing political refugees from Europe to the United States, for one of which The New Republic and The Nation gave a dinner in New York City a short time ago at which more than \$3,000 was raised. Any group of such refugees, says Mr. Pegler, is sure to contain some Nazi spies, and also some Communists; if a man denies he is a Communist this means nothing, since they are all habitual liars; keep them all out.

Mr. Pegler is wrong on his facts, if anyone cares. The State Department and the President's Advisory Committee on Refugees are so strict in checking over applications among political refugees that it would be very difficult for a disguised Communist to get in, even if anybody wanted to bring him, and none of the leading groups engaged in this work has any such desire. But beyond this, Mr. Pegler is badly behind the times; has he never heard of Stalin's pact with Hitler in August, 1939? A Communist in France is in no danger from Hitler; it is the anti-Nazi liberal whose life is threatened, and these are the people to whom aid is being given by American groups. Mr. Pegler's liaison work is evidently not very good; there are plenty of officials in his Church who could have explained to him what is happening in Europe.

Our Aerial Voodoo

The Associated Press reports that the army's famous secret bombsight is to be hidden away in a concrete, burglarproof building at Bowman Field Airport. This report comes at a time when some of the priests of the secret weapon are beginning to shift nervously in their robes and wonder if they were right in chanting quite so loud.

The question that is being asked is how effective such a bombsight will be under actual war conditions

in Europe? Proponents of the bombsight have painted a brilliant picture of a flying fortress hovering some miles above the ground, while its incomparable sight permits sure hits on a factory the size of a pinpoint.

This may be fine, say the skeptics, in the clear air of California, or possibly in the North African war zone. But how will it be in Europe, where the fortress must aim from above a maze of anti-aircraft fire, flaming onions, balloon barrage and the murk and clouds of European weather? For accurate bombing in Europe, say the skeptics, a low altitude is essential. No bomber can hope to pin his faith on a magic bombsight, since however good it may be, conditions cannot permit this special use. Can any expert help us out in this matter and tell us just how much public faith in this secret weapon is likely to be disillusioned?

Three-Cent Verdict in Chattanooga

An afternoon newspaper in Chattanooga, Tennessee, signed contracts with forty-two local advertisers forbidding them to buy space in any other afternoon newspaper in that city. For this, the paper and two of its officers were found guilty in a federal court of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, whereupon Federal Judge Leslie Darr fined each defendant one cent.

It is difficult to understand the judge's attitude in this case. If he felt no crime had been committed, as he seems to have done, why did he waste the government's money by letting the affair be carried to its conclusion? Why did he not interrupt the case with an instructed verdict? His action virtually invites other newspapers all over the country to follow the same course, and to put competing papers, or possible competitors, under a grave disadvantage.

These contracts were signed at a time when it was known that Mr. George Fort Milton, a distinguished Chattanooga publisher, was planning to start a new afternoon paper in that city. The defendants did everything they could to make this impossible. Judge Darr seems to have thought their actions constituted only a friendly little three-cent joke; others with more intimate contact with journalism than the judge possesses will strongly disagree.

My Business as Usual

It was an interesting speech that Captain Rickenbacker made before the Economic Club in New York City—interesting because it revealed the honest confusion of American business men in the world crisis. The speech was divided into two parts—let us call them A and B—that pointed toward diametrically opposite conclusions. Part B was a solemn warning to other business men that they would have to change their ways. "I say to you, tonight, that you of this generation are enjoying liberties at this moment that you will never enjoy again as long as you live. You are enjoying a standard of living that you never again

will enjoy, regardless of the outcome of World War Number Two. . . . I say to you and the rest of my fellow Americans, we had better prepare today to die fighting rather than to fight dying." These are bitter words, and more grimly pessimistic than the situation justifies, since Captain Rickenbacker fails to take into account the greatly increased productive powers of the world and the chance of their being fully used in a better planned society.

But Part A of his speech applies only to his own industry, air transport, and its mood is strikingly different. Here Captain Rickenbacker tells us that it is a mistake for this country to manufacture airplanes for defense, since they will soon be outdated. Instead we should manufacture transport planes, and we should subsidize the air lines by having them carry all the first-class mail, and by establishing air service to every town in the country with more than 2,000 population. In other words, while all the rest of Americans make sacrifices, the air-transport lines are to flourish at the expense of the government. Your business, gentlemen, must immediately be put on a wartime basis. My business goes on as usual, only with bigger profits.

News Notes of a Week

The Nazis made their first return of French property when the ashes of Napoleon's son were reburied in Paris. The Germans announced that the son was "the victim of the reactionary spirit . . . which will end by being vanquished." . . . The Albanian port of Valona was reported bombed into uselessness as an Italian debarkation point. . . . German raids on Sheffield and British raids on Berlin were the high points of European aerial activity. . . . The British liner *Western Prince*, with a valuable cargo of bombers and war equipment, was torpedoed in the Atlantic. . . . The British Parliament again showed concern over Atlantic convoys, but was heartened by the report that shipping losses for November were 100,000 tons under the preceding month and well below each of the three months before that. . . . London reported the last of the Italian troops swept out of Egypt and estimated the number captured at 75,000. Equipment valued at millions of dollars was reported seized around Sidi Barrani. . . . Hitler set out on his umpteenth secret mission, with most guessers predicting a heart-to-heart chat with Il Duce.

Washington reports mentioned Anglo-American disagreement on the site of proposed American bases in Trinidad. . . . The Duke of Windsor discussed the question of bases with President Roosevelt aboard the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*. . . . A request for a defense deficiency appropriation of not less than a billion dollars was reported being sent to Congress at the beginning of January. . . . The President announced new restrictions on exports to Japan of iron ore, pig iron, ferro alloys and certain iron and steel manufactures.

Strange Humility in the NAM

OUR PRESENT PEACE is really an excruciating war of industry between the United States on one side and Germany (plus her captive continental mines and factories) on the other. Therefore the American people might fairly have expected that a Congress of American Industry, as the GHQ of one party to this industrial war, would have much of importance to say. Here, in a meeting organized by the National Association of Manufacturers, were the masters of the great American assembly line, for whose products England waits; whose products, alone in this world, can stop Hitler. Last week's meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York should have been the voice of the greatest industrial system on earth. It should have been a loud voice and a proud voice, to make the decibels ring with a thumping affirmation of its contribution to our times.

Instead a strange, not to say suspicious, humility pervaded the sessions. Certain saucy names were applied to Der Führer, but when it came to laying it on the line, American industry abdicated, shied away from the dangers of all-out expansion, and seemed chiefly concerned with reducing taxes and censoring school-books. Except for certain superficialities, these meetings might have been held three or five years ago. Everybody's world is on fire except the NAM's.

It might be said that Herr Hitler's industry is organized to fight the world, while America's industry is organized to fight inflation, or labor, or the administration. It cannot seem to focus upon the proper object. It appears to be shot through with fear of the money cost, fear of upsetting present competitive relationships and fear of social change. President Kemper, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, warned the industrialists that while it was all well enough to aid England, there was the "fiscal" problem to consider. General Robert E. Wood, organizer of the Save America Committee (which has become the Politburo of the isolationists and the appeasers), asked that we throw our weight on the side of a "negotiated peace" by spring. A group of women who came to one session to ask what they could do to save our way of life, was instructed to go home and fight for tax reduction. The voice of American industry sounded like a lament for the dead past.

The resolutions finally adopted made much, for example, of the danger of public ownership of the railroads, though that is definitely not the problem keeping Americans awake of nights. The St. Lawrence Waterway project was condemned, though the need of plentiful cheap power for the production of (among other items) aluminum has been one of the chief concerns of the Defense Commission. A Congress of American Industry which might have voted an

answer for tomorrow resolutely turned its face back to yesterday, beating its retreat with a covering fire aimed at the labor laws of our present period of liberal reform.

Most startling was the meekness displayed on the question of the necessary scope of our defense program. An organization which has been chiefly remarkable for its arrogance in attempting to shape national policy on tax legislation, labor legislation and (now) even schoolbooks, dully called upon government to say how much defense is needed. What cat had stolen their tongues, usually so ready to speak on so many issues? This position revealed, of itself, a fearfulness of the defense program, and an arm's-length relationship to it, which are decidedly disturbing. We, whose minds have been sandpapered to sensitivity by the events of this year, are compelled to recall the refusal of French industry to expand, and the similar tight-lipped refusal by English industry to upset its peacetime production schedules until it received a dose of Churchill and Bevin. American industry often complains of having to operate in an atmosphere of distrust. It invites that atmosphere by lagging behind public opinion. It has done so on the question of social reform. Is it doing so again, in the new social area of defense?

Mr. Knudsen came from Washington toward the week's end to spank the assembled industrialists, and on Sunday President Prentiss announced a plan for a survey of machine tools and plant facilities for speeding defense. These are good signs. But they are small signs. They make no specific contribution to the problems now roiling Washington: for example, the need of basic expansion in steel, in which field the public has been fobbed off with the Bethlehem program for a one-percent increase in our capacity. A transport tie-up looms for spring, as carriers now try vainly to place orders for rolling stock which the administration begged them to purchase sixteen months ago by way of the spend-lend bill. Here are immediate problems, of beautiful concreteness and shining specificity. We will not be put off with lugubrious abstractions on the sins of progressivism, the matter which a patient public has learned uncomplainingly to skip as it reads its paper.

The average American will remember most clearly from this convention the NAM plan for preparation, under reactionary auspices, of abstracts of 800 school textbooks, said abstracts to be conned by local industrialists, who are then under a duty to raise a holler for suppression of "subversive" works by their district school boards. A plan for abstracts concerning the progress of defense work in 800 industrial plants would have been more to the point and might have given the public a new attitude toward the NAM. What would the industrialists say if a teachers' convention were to embark on such an inquiry?

The Leader of the Opposition

WHAT SHALL WE DO with Mr. Willkie? The Associated Willkie Clubs have resolved to continue their activities, though under a new name; Mr. Willkie himself has promised to lead the opposition. The trouble is, however, that all concerned are outside the ordinary channels of political power. The Willkie Clubs are at outs with the regular Republican organization in most states, and neither Mr. Willkie nor most of his cohorts hold any legislative or executive office. It is both good and unavoidable that there should be an opposition in a democracy, even if its function in time of crisis be merely to unite political opponents for national ends. But the power of the Willkie opposition will only be the reverberation of its voice in the press and the radio. Whatever official opposition exists is composed of anti-Roosevelt Senators and Representatives, none of whom made the grade when it came to being nominated for President.

Some of our defeated presidential candidates have been content to enter a quiet eclipse, and others, like Mr. Hoover, have been interested observers of events, but so remote from active politics that they could do little but issue sour comments from time to time. Some, like Bryan and Hughes, have reappeared in appointive positions when their party was returned to power. Perhaps we have lost little in the past by the political extinction of those who have been voted down in a contest for the highest office. But there lurks a danger here—that any loser who is energetic, able and ambitious to increase his power may form an entirely non-office-holding movement which is irresponsible because it does not have to record its votes on specific issues, and acts more like a conspiracy than a political party.

In a parliamentary form of government like that of Great Britain, no such question arises. The chief executive is, of course, a member of Parliament, and if his party is defeated either at the polls or in the House, he resigns his Cabinet post but not his seat in the legislative body. There he remains as a natural opposition leader, with a platform from which to speak, a vote on new measures and a disciplined following in Parliament. If Representative Joe Martin had run for President on the Republican ticket and had been defeated, we should this time—quite by accident—have had a ready-made solution much like that obtaining in Britain. Mr. Martin could do what is possible as the minority leader of the House of Representatives, but there would be no danger of a free-lance opposition movement. Nor, in that case, would it be quite so easy for disaffected Democrats to follow his lead.

The suggestion that Mr. Willkie should be appointed to the Cabinet or to some administrative post is no answer at all. As he himself pointed out in his post-election speech, he could hold such a position not

as a leader of an opposition or as a member of a true coalition government, but as a legal subordinate of the Chief Executive. It would not be good to have a mandate of the people carried out by one who has opposed that mandate.

Another suggestion is that the defeated candidate should automatically become a Senator-at-Large, and thus that eventually there might be a small group of opposing elder statesmen in our upper house. That proposal has its merits, but the constitutional amendment which would be required to put it into effect would probably not pass through the necessary stages of discussion and ratification before the next President was elected.

In our opinion, the straightforward and effective course for Mr. Willkie and his followers, if he is to be constituted a real leader of the opposition, is for him to seek election either to the House or to the Senate at the first opportunity. He need not wait until the office is vacant, but could carry on his agitation in the form of a nomination campaign. If elected, he would hold some constitutional authority from the people, and might build a genuinely responsible opposition. If Mr. Willkie is not willing to follow this course, he ought to remain a private citizen, rather than seek to lead an amorphous movement which aims to be political without holding political office.

Christmas

CONFRONTED by the necessity of saying something about Christmas, 1940, the stanchest-hearted editorial writer might well pale. Surely the world has never been in more desperate plight in the 1900 years of Christian history; what can one possibly say about the birthday of the Prince of Peace at a time like this?

We can get something of a perspective by looking back a year. In late December, 1939, the world waited anxiously for the wholesale bombing of great cities such as London, Paris and Berlin to start. Russia was making progress in her war on Finland and there were gloomy predictions she would seize all of Scandinavia as well. It was feared that Italy was about to enter the war. Mr. Garner suggested that he himself would make an awfully good Democratic presidential candidate, and Raymond Clapper proved convincingly that this made a third term for Roosevelt quite impossible. Cleveland's unemployed were still shaking with terror after their recent semi-starvation when the Ohio State Legislature decided economy was more important than food for hungry people. Canada signed the papers on a scheme to train aviators for the whole Empire (the first products of the system reached England about eleven months later). A congressional committee was doing its best to destroy the NLRB. The CIO announced that hundreds of thousands of skilled mechanics were out of work. Germany sank her Graf Spee,

and amid national hysterics, "Gone with the Wind" had its première.

In one sense, the past year has registered a real gain for mankind. We now know very nearly the worst about the war, or we think we do. The long dreaded nightmare of aerial bombing of cities, which Stuart Chase once thought might produce a "Two-Hour War," has come to pass, and human beings have survived it. Poison gas has not yet been used and perhaps it will eventually add a fourth dimension to the tragedy, though we may be spared this horror through fear of reprisals.

Hitler is unlikely to gain any additional allies except Franco, who may be even more of a liability than Mussolini has been. A year has dissipated the fear that Stalin would be of any substantial aid to the Axis. Twelve months ago a Japanese victory over China seemed imminent; today the Japs are falling back and China's chances are good, provided she gets adequate Anglo-American help, which seems certain.

In December, 1939, everyone thought Mussolini could easily take control of the Mediterranean if he entered the war; yet today, Britain still rules that sea. The Italians are being routed in Albania and Africa, with a complete collapse by no means impossible. Mussolini's amazing weakness has reversed the whole picture in the Balkans and the Near East.

To be sure, we are not yet out of the woods. Submarine sinkings of British merchant ships are up alarmingly. The American defense effort is off to a painfully bad start and time is terribly short. Hitler may be assembling his enormous masses of men and materials for an invasion of England ninety days hence, before American help can count for very much. The future still looks black. Yet there is a grain of comfort in remembering that we were mistaken about the things that seemed darkest of all a year ago.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY GEORGE SOULE
STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN T. FLYNN E. C. LINDEMAN
JONATHAN MITCHELL R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD BYRON DEXTER
Advertising Manager Circulation Manager

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS SIX DOLLARS, FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO

The Alternative to Fascism

A Proposal for American-British Coöperation

IT IS A WASTE OF TIME to argue whether the United States should enter the war. We are already in the war and have been for several years—long before the fighting changed from economic weapons to military ones. In recent months our status has been openly recognized as that of a non-belligerent ally of Great Britain. The one important question before us is how to make our coöperation most effective. It is clear that a majority of the American people now believe that we should extend the utmost aid to Great Britain even if it involves a considerable danger of going to war. The time may come when this attitude will bring us into the conflict. At present, however, such a development is considered undesirable even from Great Britain's point of view, by thoughtful Americans and Britons who are considering chiefly what will best serve to defeat Hitler and everything for which he stands, throughout the world.

In the meantime, we are capable of a far greater effort than we are undertaking, and some of the important aspects of this effort are in fields where little or nothing is now being done. We need first of all bold and imaginative thinking, and in the second place a realistic view of a situation where most of us are inclined to sentimentalize or to refuse to face facts because they are unpleasant.

There are two things going on in the world. One is a war and the other is a rapid general change which is partly a revolution and partly an evolution. It now looks as though the war might be a long one, a matter of several years at least. The other process, however, may not wait for the war in any of its phases. It is proceeding at differing rates of speed in different areas. Its results may prove even more important than those of the blitzkrieg against England, may in the long run prove decisive.

The world development is based upon the desire of the great masses of men everywhere to find a principle by which to live. This demand for a principle grows out of, and is coupled with, the urgent desire for a better way of life, more free from fear than in the past, and in a strictly material sense, for adequate food, clothing, a home; for a job and some security for the future; for a culture which raises humanity above the level of the beasts and holds within itself the promise of continued growth and movement. In past ages, formalized religion, in the Western world mostly through the Catholic Church, tried to satisfy this hunger of the soul. It was perhaps able to do so because, in spite of desperate, widespread poverty, there was a fundamental assumption that standards of living would

not sink below a certain minimum point. The world seemed a hard, rough place but, with the Church for refuge, in some degree a stable one. The things men had most to fear, aside from war, were natural disasters: famines, hurricanes, eruptions, plagues.

Lost: A Sense of Security.—Today, for fairly simple reasons which were predicted by thoughtful students of economics, this sense of security has disappeared throughout the entire Occident and most of the Orient as well. The masses of mankind have now come face to face with an insecurity so great as to threaten the very fundamentals of their existence, in spite of material conditions that have not changed for the worse, and have in many instances been bettered. It is the last and greatest paradox of human history that when machines have arrived to set men free from most of the burden of their toil, when science has unlocked storehouses of a richness undreamt of in the past, at that very moment the world should be plunged into an unparalleled period of hunger, misery and fear, or as John Bunyan would have said, a Slough of Despond.

Nature abhors a vacuum; the dreadful conditions sketched above have proved the ideal opportunity for the expansion of the Nazi-Fascist philosophy. That philosophy is in great part a false one. It lies when it says there is truth only according to its own special revelations. It lies when it insists that the state is paramount and the individual exists but to serve its practically supernatural purposes. It lies when it pretends that there are superior races who by virtue of that superiority may trample at will on the supposedly inferior people. Its main purposes are evil and its doctrine in the long run is one of despair. In the short run, however, it has proved enormously effective in reaching frightened, unhappy and miserable people, as well as frustrated neurotics of a certain type who appear in large numbers in contemporary urban civilization. It gives these people a way of life when they feel desperately in need of one. It furnishes a discipline when their inward resources are inadequate for that purpose. It gives them a catchword—and we now know that mankind does not live by bread alone but by bread and phrases.

That is why the Nazi doctrines have captured the imagination of numbers of people in every country in the world. That is why there were fifth columns waiting and working in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and Oslo, and why there are such columns today in New York, Chicago, Toronto, Mexico City, Buenos Aires and Chungking. True, Germany has poured out enor-

mous sums on propaganda. She has peppered the world with her agents in the guise of business men, students, tourists. But her most powerful weapon has been the fact that millions of people were insecure, uncertain, without any firm and glowing faith.

Yet there is no reason in the world why Nazism should ever gain a foothold anywhere (except at the point of a gun) unless democracy and the democrats have abdicated their function. That function, obviously, is not only to guard the principles of liberty in thought and deed, but also to see to it that the humblest member of the community, along with the highest, never runs short of the necessities of life and of the abundant fruits of our civilization.

Bold vision and a sweeping plan are indicated here. Let us first summarize in outline some ideas that are being discussed at present by experts in these matters, on both sides of the Atlantic.

What Might Be Done.—Let the United States and Great Britain jointly assume responsibility and leadership for the whole world, except that part of it at present under the heel of the totalitarians. Let these two great repositories of democracy pool their leadership in brains, vision and courage. Let them participate jointly in such economic, industrial and cultural activities as may grow out of this undertaking.

Let them begin with the determination that a certain minimum standard of life must be set up and maintained throughout all countries where they are able to operate.

Let them determine further that the welfare of the inhabitants of these regions shall be the paramount and only decisive consideration, instead of the maximum profit for British or American exporters or other business men.

Let them recognize the principle that no country is in a safe and strong position until it has the proper balance between industry and agriculture so that it can supply the utmost proportion of its needs from its own material resources and manpower, in fact, its "capital." In the past, the financiers and business men of the great exporting nations have maintained a policy of what amounts to economic peonage for other countries, endeavoring to keep them mainly producers of agricultural surpluses to be exchanged for the exporting nations' manufactured goods. Deep poverty among masses of people and great economic insecurity are the necessary concomitants of such a system.

How does this apply to the present dilemma? The war has disrupted trade throughout the world. In certain countries great surpluses have accumulated and are reaching an explosive situation. South America, for example, formerly sent more than half of its exports to Europe, a third to the United States, and only five percent was exchanged among the Latin nations in this hemisphere. At the present time in the Americas

there are critical problems in relation to Canadian wheat, Brazilian coffee, Cuban sugar and Mexican oil. Hardly less serious is the situation in every other American country, and with tobacco, corn, nitrates, hog products and beef. The United States is the only country in the New World that has the beginnings of an economy balanced between industry and agriculture and supporting an increasing structure of professions and social services. Every other nation, including Canada, must still export agricultural and other raw materials to bring in needed machinery and consumer goods. With trade in its present situation, we are rushing toward a debacle at terrifying speed.

Even when things were best, there has been deep poverty in most of the Latin countries. Foreman and Raushenbush, in their invaluable book, "Total Defense,"¹ give some figures on the average *annual* income per capita among our Southern neighbors: the Argentine, \$275; the Dominican Republic, \$150; Uruguay, \$110; Venezuela, \$85; Chile, \$80; Honduras, \$80; Nicaragua, \$50. For all Latin America, it is perhaps \$100, but if you take out the people of wealth, you find that, for seven out of ten, the average is about \$20. Compare this with the United States' figure of \$575.

How to tackle this problem? Great Britain has a magnificent merchant fleet, men experienced and expert in foreign-trade problems and an urgent necessity, for her own self-preservation, to offset Hitler's influence. She also controls, actually though not nominally, the resources of vast areas with enormous populations and much real and potential wealth—India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the greater part of Africa. The United States has some shipping, a tremendous amount of gold that is not doing anybody any good (including the sums earmarked for special account, about twenty billion dollars' worth), some experience and training in foreign trade and the world's greatest industrial equipment and personnel. If these two countries stood together, neither one trying to gain a mean advantage for itself, but both genuinely working in the interest of all the people of the world, they would be invincible even if times were normal. With abnormal conditions like the present, their strength is greatly enhanced.

The United States and Great Britain have powerful potential assets, moral and physical, for coöperative effort. They could, jointly, engage in organized policing of the trade routes of the planet—and this is important, since we now realize for the first time and fully that we live in a world of wolves and not of sheep. With organized policing can go organized international trade, of which the urgent necessity has been steadily growing more apparent for many years past.

¹ Total Defense, by Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 251 pages. \$1.25.

A Possible Proposal.—Suppose these two countries were to say, for example, to the wheat producers of the world something like the following:

"We shall buy your surplus production of this and previous years and take it off your hands. We shall do this, however, only if you will promise in future to reduce your production to the amount normally needed, so that surpluses will not continue to accumulate, year after year. We must be permitted to send in our experts and advisers to help your people carry out this task and also, putting it bluntly, to make sure that what is promised is fulfilled.

"We further propose that everyone in your country who is now going hungry shall be fed, whether he can afford to pay for it or not. (Obviously he can't; few indeed are the cases where a man starves while jingling coins in his trousers pocket.) If he is ragged and shoeless, if his house lacks a decent roof, these matters will also be remedied. When necessary, we shall lend to your government sums for these purposes, of course putting in advisers and auditors of our own to make sure that no funds actually get diverted to the sticky fingers of any avaricious politicians.

"We shall help you to start industries of your own, of whatever sort you need the most. If Brazil for instance requires a steel mill, we shall not permit the United States steel interests to block this enterprise in order to preserve their own export market.

"What remains of your real surplus of wheat will be distributed throughout the world on a basis of efficiency and economy, and not on a basis of making as much money as possible for any given firm or group of business men, or to strengthen the position of one great country against another. The distribution of this surplus shall be determined in part by the ships available and the distances to be traversed. If other things are equal, it shall flow out of a producing country on a basis determined by its share of the world market in the past. If, for instance, importing nations were to take one-half as much wheat as before, each exporting nation would be permitted to send one-half of its previous quantity.

"You would of course be obliged to sign a firm contract with us for the handling of your entire surplus. We could not afford to offer these extremely generous terms and then find that we were solving only part of your problem.

"It would be part of the agreement that all exports from all countries would be made at controlled prices. Otherwise one country with comparatively small exports could sell them at a low price and thus break the market for other countries whose exports might be ten or twenty times as great in quantity. In the past, nations have charged their own people high prices in order to dump their surplus products abroad, even below the cost of production. In future, if there is to be any dumping, let it be at home. Let us charge our

foreign customers a higher price and give the advantage to our own citizens."

Beginning with Wheat.—There is no insuperable obstacle to having President Roosevelt call a worldwide wheat conference, with the support and coöperation of Great Britain, and work out a solution along these lines. And once it had been done for wheat, it could be done for coffee. And sugar. And oil. And every other commodity of which there is an undistributed surplus at the present time. Of course all agreements arrived at in this way should be open ones; all other countries throughout the world should be free to adhere to the treaty at any future time and thenceforth enjoy its advantages. You could not possibly have a more powerful inducement to those countries which are hesitating on the brink of going Nazi or have already done so and are even now beginning to regret it.

We have spoken here of surpluses, and technically at the moment it is true that in various countries there are large quantities of unsold goods. But these represent excess production only in terms of the present market, not in terms of human needs. It is doubtful whether the entire world is producing more of anything than could be used in bringing mankind up to even a bare minimum of decent life. The phrase that we should use might be "temporary surplus" or better yet, "illusory surplus."

There are great potentialities for increased consumption of goods, even without sweeping reorganization, with scientific control and regularization of present trade channels. To an important extent, goods might be exchanged that are now standing in warehouses partly because of mental inertia on the part of traders, partly because shipping tonnage is not intelligently allocated, or because of tariffs and other restrictions that have survived from an older era into a day when they do an increasing amount of harm. As long as people, willing and able to work, are hungry or ill clad in any part of the world, it is nonsense to talk of a surplus of food or textiles.

As far as Latin America is concerned, the scheme outlined has one overwhelming and specific advantage. It removes the pressing danger that Hitler will conquer the Latin countries one by one, not by military but by economic means.

If we look ahead several decades, Europe will probably no longer import foodstuffs and other products from Latin America as it did before the war. No matter what their political arrangements may be, the European nations will become increasingly self-sufficient. When the agriculture of the Balkans has been brought up to the level of productivity already reached in the Low Countries and Denmark, Europe will need very little from the rest of the world except those few tropical products or metals that cannot be provided within her own borders. For the next few years, and

perhaps for ten or twenty, however, she will need imports, and as long as Hitler remains in his present position, the purchase of these imports will become part of an elaborate bargaining process for the purpose of strengthening Germany's own power and position throughout the world. Assuming, of course, that Great Britain will permit Latin American agricultural products to go through the blockade to Europe (or that the blockade for any reason is no longer effective), what shall we see?

Hitler's Economic War.—Hitler will certainly try to pick off the Latin countries one by one, offering to buy their agricultural surpluses and to pay for them with German manufactured goods. The bargain in the long run is likely to prove disastrous. German prices on exports, when closely examined, will turn out to be very high. The Reich will have no hesitancy in substituting one type of goods for another, some of them grotesquely unfitted to the needs of the people who get them. Worse than that, the agricultural surplus of a given country will be dumped recklessly on the world market, breaking the price of that country's own normal exports and satiating some of its own normal customers. At the same time, Germany will move in upon each country with which she has made such a bargain—as, for that matter, she has already begun to do in every country in the New World. Its newspapers will be given German advertising—provided, of course, that their editorial policies are properly Nazified. Radio stations will be subsidized to send out Hitler material; receiving sets that can be tuned only to these stations will be sold below cost or given away. The Germans will continue to go to great lengths to make friends with the native population, settling down among them for life, marrying into their best families, learning to speak the language—all things which the proud and haughty Briton and the only slightly less proud and haughty American disdain to do.

To prevent the loss of South America it is imperative that a plan be presented that will make it impossible for Germany to divide and conquer. No such scheme has any hope of success unless it begins by solving the economic problem. Yet neither Britain nor America, nor the two of them combined, can hope to keep up with the torrent of surplus production by simply buying it and putting it into storage or dumping it into the sea.

Obstacles v. Alternatives.—That there are obstacles to such a plan we are well aware; there are obstacles to everything in life, down to getting on a street car at the rush hour. But we should look not at the obstacles but the alternatives. The alternatives, and we weigh our words, are economic ruin in this hemisphere and an increased chance of success for Hitler in his paranoiac dream of world domination.

Would the nations in the British Commonwealth play fair in such a plan? No final guarantee can be given, but we feel the chances are excellent that they would. Britain has her back to the wall; at home she is rapidly turning capitalism from its predatory character to constructive uses; why should she continue to tolerate its older activities abroad, especially when to do so may threaten her very existence? To be sure, there are still greedy, selfish and shortsighted men in England, some of them in high places. But there are also men who have a vision of a new kind of world that can be brought into being, not merely in generations or in decades but in years, a world in which the productive forces of our new civilization are no longer throttled down by an archaic social system. A favorable response from America would greatly hearten these men, of whom there are an increasing number and in increasingly responsible posts, and would give them more power to deal with the obstructionists.

Would the Americans play fair? One can no more give guarantees for them than one can for their British Commonwealth cousins. Yet obviously there is a good chance. The plan outlined above is roughly an application of the principles of the New Deal on a much wider scale. At the same time, there is nothing impractical or Utopian about it. The sums of money involved are by no means staggering, and when we deduct the profits earned from the outlays undertaken, they become still less important. They are certainly insignificant compared with the cost of Britain's war or America's defense program. In this country, too, we have greedy, selfish and shortsighted men; it sometimes seems that an abnormally large percentage of them have concerned themselves with the affairs of the hemisphere republics. Yet the exploiters of the Latin Americans can be curbed and muzzled, just as we are learning to do with the exploiters of our own people here at home.

Curtailling "Healthy Competition."—What would happen to this plan if, partly by its help, Hitler were at last defeated and the world set free from its long bad dream? Should we not have destroyed the basis for healthy competition between American and British traders in the markets of the world?

We should, indeed; and this is one of the strongest merits of the proposal. After all these decades we have at last waked up to the very great harm that is done by competition in foreign trade, by the overequipment it produces in the exporting countries, the appalling waste in duplication of facilities, the capitalist exploitation of hapless peons who must work hard for a foreign slave master who holds his position partly because he has accumulated profits in the exploited country and does not know how to bring them home again.

Such a plan as has been described would of course have many other aspects than the ones listed. In regard

to Latin America, some of these things are already under way. We need for example, a vast increase in friendly contact among the peoples of the three Americas. We need to appreciate each other's culture, learning in humility that all the arts and philosophies are not found exclusively within our own borders. We need a great network of first-class automobile roads threading up and down and back and forth on two continents, connecting neighboring countries whose only access now is by sea, joining all of them with the United States and all the other countries north and south. We need exchanges of students and faculties

among the Spanish, Portuguese and English-speaking universities. We need to read each other's books, both classic and contemporary. We need steamship fares far lower than they are now, with increased government subsidies when necessary to bring this about.

Most of all, we need common sense and good will. We must break down the inertia of traditionalism. We must think hard about whether we really want a democratic world order in opposition to the pressing challenge of the Nazi one. If the answer is Yes, we must be prepared to go very far indeed away from our old habits of thought and action to bring it about.

Denmark under Duress

ONE of the most shocking Nazi triumphs is in the war of propaganda. Every day you find evidences of this in American talk and in the American press. All kinds of people, and most of them by no means stupid, do the dirty work for Hitler without stopping for an instant to reflect how dirty it is. They could protect themselves against propagating error if they paused for a single moment to ask themselves what the real facts happen to be, but no, out of thoughtlessness or out of insensitiveness they take the appearance of events just as the Germans wish them to, and they pass on the counterfeit quite airily.

It is this uncritical habit of mind that the Germans have traded on so successfully. And, bad as this is for the British, who have so many fault-finders to reckon with, it is infinitely worse for the less powerful nations which the Germans have invaded and occupied. The British, at least, have the means of counter-assertion. They are embattled, and their friends rally to them. The less powerful peoples, especially those who are not fighting and cannot fight, are only sure of public attention and public sympathy when they are hot news. The minute they pass out of the spotlight, inattentive people either suppose that the fight is over and that sympathy would consequently be wasted, or else they conclude that the submerged nation has in some way gone over to the Germans and must be considered, if not a positive enemy at least an unwilling ally of the monstrous Nazi game. This injustice, so heedless but so damnable, is something the Nazi cynics can count on. They promote this confusion. They spread this smoke screen.

Denmark is particularly in my mind. The facts about the Danish invasion are perfectly plain. I left Denmark last December when the war had been in progress for over three months. At times during the previous year there had been rumors in the American press that there were Nazi sympathizers in Denmark. During that period, before England and France declared war, and directly afterwards, I was naturally

intensely interested to discover how much Nazi sympathy there actually was.

I can read the Danish papers well enough to know what they report. I had close relationships with many Danes. I was in touch with a few officials and some of the foreign residents. Speaking as a witness of this casual but thoroughly interested type, I assert that Denmark was overwhelmingly pro-British in her sympathies. I do not say 95 percent. I think 95 percent is too low. Out of the total population of nearly four millions, there might have been 50,000 who actively favored Germany either because of German blood, German affiliations or German business connections. The estimates that men gave me varied between 50,000 and 75,000. To say 200,000—which would be five percent—is to exaggerate the number and to misrepresent the weight of Nazi sentiment. Among the leaders there was no Nazi sentiment. I met one prominent man who had been honored by Hitler and thought Hitler a genius. There were perhaps half a dozen known to me who thought Denmark "soft" and were attracted by Nazi discipline. Little whisperings of admiration and anti-Semitism were about as common as the study of Greek. But in aristocratic military circles, certainly, a few pro-Nazi Danes could be found, and *Berlingske Tidende*, the Conservative paper, took out a lot of insurance in spite of printing Nic. Blaedel's devastating articles and editorials on Nazi Germany.

On the eve of signing trade agreements, Germany put on what pressure she could. Blaedel took a vacation, in consequence, and several of the more pungent cartoonists were asked to go easy. Accompanying this, however, there was the action of the Danish state against the Nazi ex-Communists who ran a Nazi paper and were a bunch of blackmailers. The prosecution of these Nazis was public. The leaders were put in jail. And Denmark, in addition, rounded up and jailed a big batch of German spies, not so long before the outbreak of war. These positive acts refute the charge that Denmark, knowing herself weak, was abject in

deference to her mighty neighbor. It proves, on the contrary, that in her reliance on the processes of law, Denmark, taking every care not to arouse the pathological Hitler, did set in motion those processes that, up to April 9, 1940, were a practical assertion of sovereign being and sovereign right.

Now we come to April 9, the morning of invasion. The Danes woke up to see the air black with bombing planes. The troops that had been sneaked into the harbor in coal ships were poured into the city. A great army crossed the border. And, with these menaces directed at a small and relatively helpless nation, there was obviously no way of avoiding the "protectorate" that Germany thrust on Denmark, under conditions not yet made public. There were, of course, a few acts of resistance that amounted to suicide. But did Danish sovereignty vanish because Denmark took no military stand? Against the army that crumpled Holland and Belgium and without the least chance of obtaining help from Britain, I cannot for the life of me see what Denmark could have done except bow to superior force. She might, indeed, have sent her small army to its death. She might have made Copenhagen a burnt offering. But where the duel can only be waged on another plane with any prospect of success, I cannot believe any sensible man would desire, or even countenance, a brute resistance which, however exciting to newspaper readers, would have been a military absurdity of the most excruciating kind. The only critics I respect in this affair are the individuals who feel so strongly as to enlist themselves. They mean what they say. The others hold up a standard for Denmark which neutrals in this war, especially powerful neutrals, have scarcely the right to put forward.

To the movie-goer, if we are to believe Miss Cecelia Ager in *PM* (December 2, 1940), "there was a time when it would seem plausible that the captain of a Danish freighter would do and dare all to help a lady British spy outwit some dastardly German spies, and not be a German spy himself." But that was a year ago. Now the hero of "Blackout," who is a Dane, "is mistaken for the villain" just because he is a Dane. He is suspected of being a German spy!

One despairs of popular audiences that know no better than this. They live in a world so elementary in its classifications that a Goebbels can play them like a piano.

Denmark, it is true, did not become the ally of a Britain that was, until recently, the Britain of Chamberlain, Simon and Hoare. Neither did Norway become Britain's ally. But the only difference between Denmark and Norway, after April 9, is the difference between a flat, thickly populated Scandinavian country and a mountainous, thinly populated one. The national spirit is so fundamentally similar in both countries that the movie audience that thinks of the Dane as a vil-

lain is even more muddleheaded than a movie audience has a license to be.

The invasion of Denmark was a treacherous invasion. It was also irresistible. But this does not mean that Denmark has made any concession or compromise in her soul. The weapon that was thrust into the Danes by the Germans did not make them hurl themselves on the Germans physically, but ever since April 9 the Danes have been so stirred by the outrage that every fiber is roused. Instinctively and from their depths these people have begun to accrete that power to endure which is one of the characters of a healthy body when assaulted—to endure, and to resist. Before April 9, Danishness was in solution. Now it has precipitated around the foreign intrusion. It has done so concretely, and beyond all mistake.

I saw a Dane the other day in New York who had just come out of Denmark. He wore a small Danish flag in his buttonhole. He told me that the man who made this flag had at once sold three hundred thousand of them.

On the Sundays this summer the Danes found themselves assembling for a "sing," an "all-sing." As many as 150,000 came to one place in Copenhagen to join in song. Great audiences met in towns all over Denmark for the same purpose, but as the words of the best-known patriotic and spiritual songs were not entirely familiar to everyone, a single volunteer decided to print and send out the indispensable songs. These were mailed to 1,100,000 Danes—every householder and more in all Denmark.

The machinery of the famous folk high schools has been retuned to meet the emergency. Unemployed are sent free to folk high schools. Books on every aspect of the national life are being circulated as in the old days, after the war of 1864. The most popular lectures are lectures on Grundtvig, the inspiring national leader of that period, as well as lectures on tragic heroes, on figures such as Socrates and Jesus.

In fervor such as this there is craving for symbols, and for figures that can be held symbolic. The King of Denmark, who was seventy years old the other day, has now become just such a figure, after long years of tolerant acceptance as a monarchical holdover.

"The King's birthday," word comes from Copenhagen, "was a most moving day in Copenhagen. It was the occasion for a vast personal tribute to the old King and hundreds of people followed him on his early morning ride, strewing flowers in front of his horse and crying, pressing his hand and generally letting go of all their pent-up feelings. In the afternoon when he drove through the city there were probably a million people on the streets. When you consider that it was a drive without any military display (four mounted policemen and two police cars), it showed that we wanted to show the King and our guests exactly what we thought. Personally I saw only the top of the

radio receiver on the last police car. There were no 'guests' on the street that day, which was very wise. The children had good places in a window. I am glad they saw him; they will never forget it. Curiously enough, the monarchy is an asset in our present situation. It is above parties and politics, and were it not for the King's obstinacy, his almost religious conviction of the responsibility of his job and the high respect he rates, I am sure we would by this time have another government along the lines of poor Norway."

That is the mood of Denmark six weeks ago. The answer to Hitler's war—which has a spiritual intention in it—is the proof of a contrary intention in the bone and marrow of the Scandinavians. All the values that are paraded in "Mein Kampf" cannot rally a bigger uniformed force of Danes—Nazi Danes—than 600. Denmark has business men, of course, who may be tempted by the organization of companies dominated from Germany. The natural aim of the Reich is to weave Denmark into the German economic realm, and to break down the strong Danish labor organizations. The killing of cattle is not only a food measure; it is

part of the deliberate purpose that runs all through Nazi statecraft, striving to exploit the desperation of hampered and needy classes. But against this, against the seductions as well as the bullying, Denmark intensifies her historic sense of herself. Instead of meeting compulsion with compulsion, she translates herself on to the plane where, as a national being, she has existed for hundreds and hundreds of years. The Danes are at once gentle and tenacious. They do everything in their power to reduce conflict, and to abide by existing law. But lawlessness and treachery, such as marked the German invasion, create in them an obduracy that is immeasurable.

Slesvig, after all, was occupied by the Germans for six and fifty years. The Danes in Slesvig had to send their children to German schools in the morning. "What did you hear today?" they'd ask the pupils on their return home. The pupils would say, "We were told so and so." "Lies, lies," said the Danes to these little captives of the Prussians. Out of this captivity they emerged as Danish as ever. The captivity they have now entered upon won't be different.

FRANCIS HACKETT

What Is the Middle West Thinking?

WHAT IS the Middle West thinking these days—the great national bread basket whose supposed traditional isolationism is still regarded in some quarters as having been a potent factor in the withdrawal of the United States from European affairs after World War I?

Whatever the Middle West may have been in the past, it is certainly not an isolationist center today. There are those, of course, who would have nothing of Europe's old hatreds and quarrels, just as there are others who would go over there unarmed now and polish off Hitler and be done with it. But an objective reading of the public mind shows that this area is neither isolationist nor interventionist.

The Middle West does not want to go to war—that is definite. But it is willing to aid Britain to an extent which it has not determined. The "Bundles for Britain" business is operating in the upper circles and Red Cross knitting for the English is going full blast on several levels. These, however, function largely as propaganda devices at the present.

The aid to Britain which the Middle West approves goes much further. The Middle West approves sharing our defense resources, even though it retards our own domestic defense program. News that airplanes which had been contracted for by the United States were being turned over to the British caused no ripple of protest. Some look on this aid as protection for the United States. They consider it easier and cheaper to

send ships and planes and supplies to Britain than to have to use them ourselves. Whether the rank and file has thought very hard about aid to Britain, its step-by-step implications, is altogether doubtful. Out here, we like to help the underdog, and there is no doubt in our minds that the people of England's shattered cities are the underdogs.

But a time for hard decision is coming. So far, the British have paid for what they got. The Middle West will expect them to go on paying so long as they have large investments over here. And some are going to expect payment sooner or later in outright transfer of the Caribbean islands.

Aid to Britain will take on new meaning in the Middle West if and when repeal of the Johnson Act becomes the issue. Feeling here against extending credit is very strong. The Middle West generally has little objection to Britain's buying all she can pay for, but every straw in the currently calm air of public sentiment indicates that the Middle West will be opposed to financing another war for Britain. The Middle West remembers the vast foreign debts of the last war, which it now considers we accumulated to no benefit to ourselves or anyone else. There is, however, little talk about British war aims, greater democracy in English life, self-rule for India, possible British peace terms and other related matters into which Americans might reasonably inquire as the aid to Britain increases.

The Middle West has accepted the defense program practically without question. Almost everyone assumes that the staggering sums will be spent wisely. Little doubt seemed to arise as to whether conscription was needed, and now that the draft is operating, few are being enrolled as actual draftees. Volunteering, in many cases to restrict the period of service and get it over with, has pretty much filled the district quotas. Those who were so vocal on the impending national-debt disaster a short while back have nothing to say now that a defense increase is imminent. The Middle West wants its share of defense industries. Its business men argue that it will be safer to have plants out here than along the exposed coasts. Farmers and others who live in neighborhoods chosen for powder mills and the like are less keen about it.

Willkie clubs are still interested in their hero, but such popularity as he had quickly passed. The Middle West has forgotten defeated nominees before. And Willkie, of course, does not have the party machinery to keep his influence alive, as Hoover and Landon had.

One result of the election in this part of the country still needs to be explained: Why is it that five of Willkie's ten states were in the solid bloc of the corn-and-wheat-growing North and Central West—Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota? Did the farmers turn thumbs down on the New Deal agricultural program? Did they take a stand against crop control and cash benefits? Did they disavow parity for the agricultural producer? Did they personally repudiate Henry Wallace, for seven and a half years the New Deal's Secretary of Agriculture?

More than one Eastern pro-Willkie paper said as much in its comment on the election returns. The answer to each of the questions is No. I recently spent most of a week in Des Moines, capital of the Corn Belt and the home town of Vice President-elect Wallace. Wondering just what had happened and why, I interviewed people who could tell me—farm leaders, business men, journalists, even industrialists.

Iowa cast its eleven electoral votes for Willkie because Willkie, far from opposing the New Deal program, accepted it as a going concern and pledged himself to keep it operating and to do all he could to improve administration. Assured that the candidate of their party would not junk the gains of the past half-dozen years, enough farmers decided it was safe to vote for Willkie to give him a margin of 50,000 in a total of 1,200,000.

Though the farmers who did go back to their traditional fold were numerous enough to decide the election in Iowa, they were actually only a small part of the total number of Iowa farmers. A journalist who has made a specialty of farm problems, and keeps up on what farmers are thinking, says that even with this swing back, 51 percent of the farmers voted for Roosevelt again. The small-town merchants, lawyers and

doctors of Iowa's many Main Streets, steadfastly Republican, held the balance of power when the farm margin for Roosevelt was reduced by Willkie's acceptance of crop control and cash benefits. Everyone I talked to said that Willkie would have lost Iowa if he had come out against the New Deal farm program and pledged himself to work for its repeal.

Although Iowa voted for Roosevelt in 1932 and again in 1936, it had not broken its Republican ties. The GOP organization remained pretty much intact. The courthouse rings were in Republican hands and one or the other or both branches of the Legislature. Iowa was Democratic in so far as it was supporting an administration which was giving the Corn Belt a farm policy; beyond that it was still Republican, ready to vote Republican as soon as a candidate came along who waked up to what the farmers wanted. The Kansas situation was similar.

One thing I was told by everyone was that the Willkie vote could not be construed as a farmer repudiation of Wallace. The executive of a very large business, who almost certainly voted for Willkie, put it this way:

"Iowa farmers may criticize details of administration at their local meetings, but they are for crop control because they know it is necessary. They trust Henry Wallace. He knows and loves the same corn they know and love. He is their friend and they know it. No one questions his sincerity, and his ability is proved."

Half of Willkie's ten states were strictly farm states—more than half, if Colorado, with its great beet-sugar fields, is counted. But they voted for Willkie because they had a choice for the first time which would allow them to vote Republican and vote also to keep their gains toward parity with business management and labor. They returned to their party as they might go back to their church after staying away from services because they didn't like the now transferred minister.

But they did not repudiate the New Deal agricultural policy and Henry Wallace. Anyone with a disposition to find out the facts will learn as much in the area where the "repudiation" supposedly took place.
St. Louis IRVING DILLIARD

"Stick in a Poem"

A poem now must learn to beg
To play the plug and bung the keg;

It must be lathed with fine control
To fit exactly in the hole:

If hole is small, the poem sticks,
So bung is whittled down to six;

If bung is ten and need is great,
And there is room for only eight,

Matsuoka-san: A Portrait

A few days ago, a Japanese official bluntly threatened the United States with war. The man who did this was Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese Foreign Minister and one of the most vivid and arresting personalities holding important public office anywhere in the world today. In the article that follows, Mr. Hauser throws light on Mr. Matsuoka's policies by interpreting his history and personality.—THE EDITORS

ONE DAY THIS SUMMER, when Yosuke Matsuoka arrived at the Foreign Office in Tokyo, he was greeted there by the hard-working and badly undernourished staff with a politely hissed "Matsuoka-san—at last." For years, he had been the best qualified candidate for the post, and Prince Konoye, in appointing him Foreign Minister, only did the obvious thing. Japan was, at last, to have a "vigorous" foreign policy.

Matsuoka's job is one of the toughest political assignments in the world today; it includes such varied tasks as exchanging pleasantries with Japan's Axis partner, appeasing the Russians and keeping America's temper below the boiling point. Matsuoka's brains and background equip him well for this juggler's act. Everyone who has talked to him admits that he is a master at debate, and his quick understanding and salty wit make it difficult to dislike him. In the thirty-five years of his political career he has managed to gain the confidence of both civilians and soldiers, of big-business men and gold-braided generals. While most former Foreign Ministers lived and died haggling with the army, Matsuoka enjoys its full support. Whether he will have to take orders from the army, or whether he will be able to manage the generals, remains to be seen.

At sixty, Matsuoka is one of the most "Westernized" of Japan's diplomats. He is said to speak English even in his sleep—and he speaks it with a Scottish accent because he once lived with a Scottish family in Oregon. He is affable and accessible. He dislikes generalities—it is a pleasure to hear him discourse on some subject close to his heart, which may be the production of soy-bean cakes or peace in the Pacific. He does not believe in a fixed working schedule but can work from day-break till night without showing signs of fatigue. Always careful of his health, he is likely to leave the "Do not disturb" sign on his door for a long time the morning after. Apart from collecting pipes he has no hobbies, and he is not given to "Western-style" recreations.

The Foreign Minister looks back upon a colorful career. As a youngster he sailed from the small port of Murotsumi for Portland, Oregon, where he had an uncle willing to take care of him. But when the am-

bitious young man wanted to get a college education, he was told that he would have to pay his own way. He looked for a job, found one as bus boy in a hotel, and worked his way through the University of Oregon. His marks were excellent, and students and professors knew him as a brilliant speaker. But the bright boy was only a "Jap," and while he had to swallow their humiliating remarks, he determined to get even with this arrogant white world one day.

Back in Japan, he studied political science, read the classics and law books, and won honors in the stiff foreign-service exams. When he applied for his first job, the *gaimusho* (Japan's Foreign Office) gave him an assignment that could make or break a budding Japanese diplomat: Shanghai. After that: more desk work in Tokyo. He rose rapidly. His command of English and his "American" manners made him the natural contact man between slow moving Japanese officials and Western diplomats. He organized the vital Information Bureau of the Foreign Office and soon became the "man to watch." But he frankly disliked bureaucracy, and he would mince no words whenever he disagreed with his superiors.

At the time of the invasion of Manchuria, Matsuoka represented his country in Geneva; he clashed with the representatives of democratic Europe, head on. When he finally marched his delegation out of the conference room and out of the League, the remarks of Oregon classmates and professors may have hummed in his ears. The little "Jap" bus boy could, at last, confront the world with the fact that Japan was one of the great powers, unwilling to be censured by her Western rivals.

The aggressive spokesman was rewarded with the biggest plum anyone could pick in conquered Manchuria—which was now Manchukuo. He was appointed president of the powerful South Manchuria Railway Company, a position which was known to lead directly into the Japanese Cabinet. Matsuoka was in charge of the economic reorganization of the vast area which his country was "colonizing." Coal mines and steel mills, fuel plants and soy-bean companies were part of his domain, along with a growing network of strategic railways. It was then that his contacts with the army became intimate: Japan's crack divisions were stationed in Manchukuo, and the majors and generals of the famous Kwantung Army learned to respect this civilian who agreed with them on the fundamentals of an aggressive policy. Much of Matsuoka's time was spent in Tokyo, where he kept plugging for those fundamentals.

Last summer, when Prince Konoye carried him along into his second term as Premier, Matsuoka

hastened to make it clear that he was the army's choice. He called the press into his office and told them that he was not going to be a man of words, but one of action. Then he sent radiograms to some sixty mildly liberal Japanese diplomats in key positions all over the world, telling them that they were fired, and replaced them with reliable "positivists." In Tokyo's Hibiya Park, not far from the American Embassy, he assured 50,000 weary civilians that only a Japanese victory could end the war in China. "If the Japanese people are becoming tired of the conflict, they are unworthy of the spirit of our ancestors."

But Matsuoka is too smart a man to be carried away by jingoistic phrases. His temperament, which is that of a level-headed intellectual, does not go with the Japanese brand of aggressive radicalism, and his high intelligence excludes him from the ranks of hair-brained fascists. The Oregon graduate who does not believe in "toadying" and who recalled all "weak-

kneed" diplomats from posts abroad, knows that his country is exhausted by nearly four years of war. He realizes that, as long as this war is on, and before the risky new venture down Indo-China way is a thing of the past, Japan cannot take on new enemies. The fact that he recently annoyed his fascist friends by sending a known pro-American admiral, Nomura, as Japan's new ambassador to the United States, suggests that some of his aggressive statements are meant for home consumption. Matsuoka knows the American people; he knows that there is no point in antagonizing the United States. His influence upon the course of Japan's foreign policy is likely to be one of realistic moderation.

This is where tragedy begins. For Matsuoka must know that unless he gives the army and the navy their pound of flesh, he may soon find himself out of office. And, in that event, he is likely to be replaced by a man known to be less brilliant, and reputed to be more "vigorous."

ERNEST O. HAUSER

Zorella's Hat

ZORELLA caint have this hyere hat." His coffee-colored fingers put down the black disc with finality, as if they hated it.

In order to give him time to rid his forehead of its puckers, I said, "The newspapers claim Mrs. Roosevelt invited you out to the White House."

The puckers knotted deeper. "Yaas'm. She phoned over yonder to our farm workers' convention an' said she wanted me'n Zorella, special, fer her company."

There was no joy in his voice. Mournfully his long body seated itself in my living-room and leaned forward to grip his kinky head between those enormous, tan, cotton-picker's hands. I had seen him cheerful enough when he and Zorella and their eleven brown-skinned children were homeless and hungry. Now he had been a guest at the White House and here he was, pulling a face long enough for a funeral!

"Why can't Zorella have the hat?" I asked, remembering my sense of triumph at wheedling that handsome piece of millinery from my most stylish friend. I got it on the day I heard the union had elected Zorella, too, to go to Washington. Her stubby fingers had pulled it over her pigtailed, and her mouth—a sudden, scarlet circle in the blue-black face—had laughed out loud with pleasure. Zorella had been just crazy about that hat! Two weeks ago it had seemed as important as the trip to Washington. Both were firsts.

Now Zorella and her husband were home again, and the black felt lay there, hated.

"What's wrong with that hat?" I demanded.

"Zorella's always been a right good wife to me," he answered. "When I seen how much she took to the thing," he thumbed toward where it lay, "I never said

nothin', though I reckon a blind man coulda seen that there bluejay feather up top spears in right silly-like, the wrong way. How I figgers it at the time was, I aint never in my life had no cash-money to give Zorella fer no hat, so it aint my turn to speak up none now. But jes' the same I seen right off that there bluejay feather looked like it were cocked fer trouble."

So, I thought, sharecroppers go to Washington and come home with obsessions!

"Did you have a good time at the White House?" I asked. "What happened? What was it like?"

My mind kept trying to fade out its picture of Zorella in her cottonfield cabin and fade in one of Zorella at the White House, but my projector stuck. I couldn't make the scene come.

"Tell me all about it," I urged.

"Mis' Roosevelt, she done said three o'clock. A right smart piece ahead a time, Zorella an' me, we begun to walk aroun' the place a-lookin' fer the door. There was plenty a doors, but the likeliest-lookin' one, it had the most cops—cops even way out by the sidewalk—an' they never looked none like they wanted us. After what I been through with the state police, time of our roadside demonstration, I'm kinda skittish when it comes to cops. So Zorella an' me, we walks a little piece down the street an' we gits into one of them there taxicabs an' we tells the feller in it we is expected fer company up to the White House an' please we wants him to take us to the company door. He says 'taint far away. Then Zorella, she speaks up fast in a kinda fancy voice like, an' says as how she don't want to git her hat wet none. So the feller he takes a look at my union button an' he drives us past the noses of them cops an' we

gits out on the front stoop an' first one team a police then another an' another, they pops out at us. After that first pair come at me, I kinda recollected not to draw back none. They asks us our names an' they stares down right hard at a piece a paper an' they says, yes, we is expected fer company, fer Mis' Roosevelt. So we walks in. Behind the big door, a man blacker'n me was all dressed up in fancy George Washington pants, an' Lawd Gawd! if he didn't go to bowin' an' scrapin' like I'm always a-preachin' at sharecropper meetin's we gotta quit doin', now we got us a union. Zorella, she hushed at me 'fore I got a chanct to say nothin'. Then she went to follerin' a man up front. He was a-leadin' us to a room all red up an' down its walls. Zorella, she was a-shiftin' along as fast as she could in a pair a men's shoes a coupla sizes too big, but she never quit a-straightenin' at that there hat. . . ."

His face puckered again. Then he dropped his head between his palms and moaned.

"What did Mrs. Roosevelt ask about?"

"She weren't home none when we got there, Mis' Roosevelt weren't; so we jes' set. The cops out yonder past the door, they weren't a-watchin' me no more careful-like than I was a-watchin' them. Worried me a lot, not knowin' nothin' 'bout where at to find the back door. Since our trouble, time of the demonstration, the first thing I always does in a strange place is to spot the back door. I kep' a-lookin' round but I couldn't see none cut through no place. So after a while, I jes' set. Zorella, she had all that hat-straightenin' to do, but I didn't have nothin' to do—nothin' 'cept to worry what a high-up lady like Mis' Roosevelt was gonna think of a sharecropper gal in a hat that come down like a patch over a mule's eye. Purty soon we heerd talkin' an' she come in, Mis' Roosevelt, apologizin' fast's a rabbit leaps, 'cause she was late. We heerd her a-sayin' she was sorry 'fore she ever come in. . . . Reckon I never heerd nothin' 'tall after she onct come a-gallop' up to us. Reckon I never! Reckon that there was when I coulda used a back door, come the place had one!"

His skull was down between his hands again. Hurt eyes stared up through his fingers. Then he shook his head slowly. "But nothin' could stop Mis' Roosevelt from talkin'! Nothin' in the whole world! Nothin'! She's the talkingest lady I ever met up with! Minute she come up to where we set, I knowed she done seen it, but I'll swear before Heaven, it aint never made her hitch up her breath none!"

"What'd she see?"

"She seen the lay of the land. Right the minute she come in, she seen 'bout Zorella's hat. Spite of everythin' Mis' Roosevelt's eyes, they never went back to it twict! Right wonderful too, 'cause I swear before the Lawd, the hat on my Zorella's haid, it were the same hat Mis' Roosevelt had up top her haid! Same hat—jes' ezackly the same hat Mis' Roosevelt had up top

of her haid! Same hat an' same bluejay feather speared in right silly-like, the wrong way. An' Mis' Roosevelt's hat, it drooped down jes' the way Zorella's done—like a patch over a mule's eye! Same hat all except the pigtails. Coupla Zorella's was a-stickin' out. Same hat ezackly! Lawd Gawd, Zorella looked right ashamed! Her eyes giggled out at Mis' Roosevelt's hat the whole time. They shore did. After a while that there feller what follers Mis' Roosevelt aroun' the White House, he kinda quit lookin' wore out an' moppin' at hisself, an' he begun to notice back an' forth from one hat to the other hat, not that he let on none what he mighta been a-thinkin'."

I tried not to smile. "How did Mrs. Roosevelt take it?"

"Like I done tole you. Like it never made no difference. She kep' on a-tellin' me 'bout what's wrong with the sharecroppin' country, an' after I got kinda smoothed down inside, I lissened a little an' I heerd she was a-talkin' right good sense, she was. She shore was. She shore knows about us. Like she been put through it herself. . . . Now all I kin think about is Zorella—how come a gal what's stood by a man through fire an' flood fer twenty years an' borned his eleven kids, kin turn an' do him a trick like that! In our days together, I done put Zorella through plenty; I knows that; many a time I done tole her she gotta right to git even, but Lawd Gawd, I never in Kingdom thought she'd go to doin' it in the White House! Before Heaven, that's hard to take!"

"But it wasn't Zorella's fault!" I protested.

"Reckon not," he answered, getting up to go. "She done give in right easy when I tole her she hadda send back that there hat. She cried a mite, but she give in. Right off she seen how workin' like we does down with the hongry, there ain't no tellin' when we likely to meet up with Mis' Roosevelt. Might meet up with her any day. An' next time Zorella aint a-goin' to be a-wearin' no fashion hat. Come it's cold, she'll be totin' her stockin' cap same's always. She shore will. . . . I'm still kinda shaky from it. . . . Reckon I was the onliest one there what seen how a thing like that could drive thousands of sharecropper families right outa their cabins into the weather! It shore could, come Mis' Roosevelt happened to be a different kinda lady. Thousands of families out in the weather! You keep that there hat! Zorella won't be a-needin' it none. She shore won't!"

FANNIE COOK

Dirge for the Living

Survive both wars. Cloak
last night's meat loaf with tomato sauce.
Marry on a slight raise from the boss.
Purchase the bed upon the friendly credit plan.
Alas the happy Son of Man;
the raven still shall flap his wings and croak.

EVE MERRIAM

Washington Notes

While Coventry Smolders

TWO MONTHS AGO, as was reported in these Notes, Mr. William S. Knudsen, NDAC production chief, unobtrusively boarded a train for Detroit, called together the heads of the automobile industry, and—in plain words—told them they would have to save the nation's warplane program. At his instigation, a central technical agency was created. Its duty was to study airplane blueprints, to determine what parts of airplanes and subassemblies the automobile industry could manufacture.

The first stretch of this job has been done—in record time. It is reported that the Glenn L. Martin and North American airplane companies have undertaken to build airplanes of the parts furnished by automobile makers, using plants to be erected in Omaha and Kansas City. Two additional plants, one at Tulsa, Oklahoma, are expected to be announced soon. But there seems to be no definite commitment for new factories beyond these four. And the expected output of all four will be 3,600 planes.

This figure isn't what it ought to be. When Mr. Knudsen made his Detroit trip in October, he asked the automobile industry for twelve thousand bombers annually. Mr. Roosevelt, in his preëlection speech at Boston, lightly raised the rate to twenty thousand bombers. There are many observers here who think that the present seeming impasse in airplane production is the single most serious problem the United States, and the democratic world, face. It is true that the RAF has gamely prevented Germany from gaining superiority in the air of western Europe, and thus winning the war. But the RAF cannot be expected to hold on forever without help. We shan't be able to send planes to meet the almost inevitable German offensive next spring. Unless something is done, we shan't be able to send planes next autumn, nor a year from now.

At the NDAC, officials are promising action. In one way or another, they say, the automobile industry's resources will be employed to make planes. There will be more assembly plants than the four that have now been decided on. The strictly engineering problems are on their way toward solution, thanks to prodigious day-and-night labors in Detroit. But, having said so much, NDAC officials tell numberless stories of the financial-administrative snarls.

For example, is a single automobile company to be confined to supplying a single airplane company? Apparently, that is what the airplane men want. They do not want to be dependent on a company that is supplying other, rival firms. There might be delays in getting their subassemblies, with loss of prestige and profit.

Another example: how complete should the subassemblies of the automobile industry be? It has already been determined that existing assembly lines in automobile factories cannot effectively be used for airplane parts. Shall the automobile companies set up new assembly lines, turning out virtually complete fuselages and wings? Or shall they be, in effect, merely parts suppliers? These are not strictly engineering questions at all, but matters of business policy, of

dollars and cents. Each airplane or automobile man wants them decided to his own profit.

All those who care about democratic victory ought to watch this airplane production problem day by day, week by week. It ought not to be left to drift unsettled. The short and easy thing to say is that we need an American Beaverbrook. Mr. Knudsen's partisans say that we already have one in that bearlike Dane. But Mr. Churchill, last spring, gave Lord Beaverbrook full powers over the business men of the English airplane industry. He could tap a business man on the shoulder and tell him to resign from his company's board, and the business man had to resign. Mr. Knudsen has no effective authority whatever.

The speech of Mr. Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, before the National Industrial Conference Board in New York a few days ago is the most complete statement of policy yet made by a high administration official. It was made confidentially; its text was only published after enterprising newspaper reporters had printed wildly inaccurate summaries. In these newspaper stories, Mr. Eccles was made to propose a loan of two and a half billions to England. Actually, in a minor passage of his speech, he urged that some way be found to prevent English sales of newly mined gold from further inflating our inordinate monetary reserves. One of these ways would be to establish credits for England.

From a very broad standpoint, Mr. Eccles tackles the problem of bringing about the fullest use of our production facilities, and with it, of course, full employment. Perhaps half of his speech is given over to a discussion of the policies to be adopted when that point is reached. But before that, he is afraid that business men will jack up prices, accumulate inventories. This, of course, would be a restriction of production; somewhat surprisingly, Mr. Eccles places strikes by workers in the same immoral category. Such business "bottlenecks"—as he calls them—must be forced open by the police power of government. He proposes, where other means fail, that the government fix prices, establish priorities, ration new materials and, finally, enforce compulsory arbitration of labor disputes. When production is restricted, he says, "governments have no choice."

It is worth pointing out that Mr. Eccles' stature in the administration has been steadily increasing. He is now an influential member of the top New Deal group. It is certain that some of his colleagues do not altogether agree with him, particularly in his long standing dislike of AFL craft-union methods. Nevertheless, he is the first man to come to grips with the harsh realities of the emergency, and the program he puts forward for discussion deserves attention.

A relatively ugly story about the NDAC has come to light. An essential part of the defense program was the expansion of aluminum production on the West Coast to supply the airplane industry there. The Bonneville Aluminum Company, subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America, had many conferences with NDAC officials, and undertook to provide the necessary quantities. Previously the Bonneville Aluminum Company had had a contract to buy power from Bonneville Dam at \$17.50 a kilowatt year, said to be the lowest power rate in the world. After receiving defense contracts, the Bonneville company approached the

government for a new contract, demanding that its rate be still lower. The Department of Interior, through its Bonneville administration, refused. Immediately dollar-a-year men from the NDAC besieged the Interior Department. The NDAC's prestige was used in an attempt to increase Alcoa's profits. Secretary Ickes resisted the pressure, and the contract was renewed at the \$17.50 rate.

Washington

T. R. B.

Records: Partial Round-up

Concerto in A Major for Clarinet and Orchestra (K. 622), by Mozart. Reginald Kell and the London Philharmonic, Malcolm Sargent conducting (Victor M-708, 7 sides; \$4). Although actually released abroad some time ago, this work has only recently been made available in the United States. It is one of the really fine albums of the season and you have only to listen to Kell's sensitive feeling for melody and to his pure liquid tone—gently edged in the upper registers, broad and smooth in the lower—to know how expressive what too many singers, pianists and string players regard as a "mere woodwind" can be. The orchestral background, written in the gracious tranquil style of Mozart's last years, is filled in with excellent taste and restraint.

Concerto No. 1 in D Major for Harpsichord and Orchestra, by Haydn. Wanda Landowska and an orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot (Victor M-471, 6 sides; \$3.50). Some moderately good Haydn, well recorded and played with rare skill and taste. The last side contains a Haydn Minuet in C Sharp Minor and a Chain of Waltzes for harpsichord alone.

Hansel and Gretel Suite, by Humperdinck. Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia M-424, 6 ten-inch sides; \$2.75). Once you can get over the depressing idea that the theme song of the Sunday Evening Hour must always be followed sooner or later by the sad, pious voice of W. C. Cameron, you will probably enjoy this Overture, Dream Pantomime, and possibly the Waltz. The orchestra is a little taut and its trumpets and horns not always in perfect tune, but otherwise it's good, and Columbia seems to be making progress in eliminating surface noise while retaining sharpness and clarity.

Petrouchka, and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, by Stravinsky. Igor Stravinsky and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia X-177, 4 sides; \$2.50; M-417, 8 sides; \$4.50). Two of Columbia's most successful recent sets, from the point of view of recording. With the Philharmonic in good form and the composer in command the results are brilliant and authoritative. But while *Petrouchka* holds up pretty well with the years, *Le Sacre* falls a little flat. Too much of it is too empty, loose and noisy for comfort, and if the thing ever really did frighten us, the effect has worn pretty thin. I don't mean to overlook the lonely muted trumpets of the Pagan Night, or the surges and big drums of Spring Rounds, or the suppressed excitement of the next to the last ritual dance. In such spots Stravinsky's real genius is still to be heard in *Le Sacre*. But taken as a whole, the thing just does not quite come off.

Single records recommended: There is more melancholy in the setting than in the music of Three Old French Carols (Qu'en un Instant, Cantate Domino, Les Choeurs Angéliques), beautifully sung by the fine choir of the Strasbourg Cathedral in what is no longer France (Columbia, 70372-D, \$1). Gaetano Maria Schiassi's Christmas Symphony, an obscure little work which perhaps comes too close to Corelli's Christmas Concerto for comfort, is performed with a bright clear sparkle by Fiedler's Sinfonietta (Victor, 13446, \$1). On Columbia the enterprising Stuyvesant Quartet plays two rare works from the Music Press—Alessandro Scarlatti's Sonata a Quattro (17214-D, ten-inch; 75 cents) and, better, Three Ricercari—two good and one indifferent—by Andrea Gabrieli (70366-D, \$1). Although they've been around for some months now, there are also two excellent ten-inch records of sixteenth and seventeenth-century church music by the Columbia University Choir which shouldn't be passed over. On one you will find Nanino's beautiful Diffusa Est Gratia, the short but lovely song, To My Humble Supplication, from the old Genevan Psalter, and Palestrina's lukewarm Exaltabo Te, Domine (103, \$1). The other is occupied by two very fine works, the Crucifixus of Antonio Lotti, and Francisco Durante's Kyrie (104, \$1). Both may be obtained through the Columbia University Bookstore.

STANLEY FERGUSON

Philadelphia and Bagdad

TO JUDGE whether "The Philadelphia Story" is more effective on the screen than it was on Broadway would be to raise a lot of useless issues, and cloud others. I think the thing to say is that it was originally constructed for the strict tightness of a few sets, and that in remaining faithful to it, the picture's producer (Joe Mankiewicz) had to make some of his successes the hollow victory of just overcoming obstacles. Two things have resulted from this: (1) the play has been opened out into natural shifting scenes, if not actually broadened in effect; (2) the story seems to slow up toward the end, where everything was talk anyway.

A great deal depends, for sense and meaning, on Katharine Hepburn as the central character; and there are things in the range of her personality too delicate and subtle for anything but the close, pliant observation of cameras. Here she is, as I did not find her coming through so clearly before, the high-strung but overpetted thoroughbred who must be broken to be released into the good stride of her nature; and here the breaking is a gradual and visible process at once painful, touching and funny. You know the story and Philadelphia too, and there is little new to say about the work of Miss Hepburn, whose peculiar dry radiance and intelligence, whose metallic and even mannered voice finding its special beauty, are known if not defined, easily imitated but never reproduced in their final style.

But the story is no mere vehicle; it was not written, picturized or directed as such. Donald Ogden Stewart is credited with an exceptionally bright job of screenplay writing; George Cukor seems to sit with more authority in his director's chair than he has on many another such occasion of reverential transfer; and to have Cary Grant, James Stewart, Roland Young, Ruth Hussey and John Halliday

posted all about in key positions was a happy thing for all. Grant is perfectly gracious to a thankless part, winning sympathy and belief. Stewart keeps to his level of near-perfection as the impulsive, wrong-moving ordinary guy, and certainly adds another star to his honor chart for the whole sequence of moonlight and four roses. Young Virginia Weidler has a good part and time for herself.

Having expended so much care to such effect, they might have considered also that it is only brooks in poems which go on forever without somebody's beginning to yawn, scratch and wonder seriously whether it is the suspense or just his underwear that is climbing. They might have cut out the boob move of the writer proposing at the wedding and right before his own fiancée. They could have gone back through the last third and clipped lines of dialogue all along in the interest of general motion. They could, I suppose, have extended the very funny business at the expense of *Timelife* and its prose-bearing oracular baby-talk—though I wonder whether even the keen edge that is present as it is cuts any of the dull butter that must be out there haw-hawing at the performance and trundling up with a ring in its nose to the same newsstand afterwards. But there is nothing served in figuring how to do something after someone has very well proved that it's done already because he did it. Though films like "The Philadelphia Story" do little to advance the art of pictures, they may help convince some of the more discerning among cultural slugabeds that when the movies want to turn their hand to anything, they can turn it. Or, what's he got that I haven't got?

"The Thief of Bagdad," an extravaganza in full color, fabulous sets and processed devices of many wonderful kinds, with something like two years of Alexander Korda's staff work behind it in both England and America, is a picture for children of all ages up to six. Beyond six, to all except cases of retarded development and Swahili who are seeing their first magic-lantern show, its numerous defects will very quickly become apparent. For one thing it runs almost two hours on almost fifteen minutes of story—how the good deposed young king is enabled to save the princess from the bad vizier through the offices of a beggar boy, the princess being first lost, then found, then under spell, the young king being first blinded, then lost, then found, then restored in a mass rescue which is managed by the flying-carpet trick. For another thing, it mixes fairy tale with a clumsy-footed literalism until both imagination and belief are equally hamstrung. And for a final thing, it so mismanages its actors and their lines and scenes that it seems actually to have deserved the absurd and shallow mugging of John Justin as the young king. Sabu is a delightful kid and Conrad Veidt is what an evil magician might look like if he had to play in summer stock, but that's about all.

For all its slowness, the thing has excitements, some of them a mile high, in the shape of a marvelous technicolor city, palaces, temples, canyons and parades; some of them in mechanical wonders, such as the flying horse, the robot dancer, the genie and the carpet; some of them, and not many of them at that, in action (the standout scene in the latter department is Sabu's adventure in the enormous goddess). There is also the luminous combination of construction and costuming and the camera work of George Perinal and Osmond Borradaile. But the thing that even children

will get vaguely restless over is that here are the means and money to make come true some of the world's stored treasures of the imagination; and here, in all its empty splendor, is a movie walking flat-footed among them without any use of the imagination at all.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Enemy planes dropped bombs at Elbasan, killing two women, a child and a workman without causing any damage. — *Italian High Command communiqué printed in The New York Times.*

De Sola admitted that he himself belonged to the Communist Party from 1934 to 1936, after becoming disillusioned with capitalism because of the failure of a zoo he started in Florida. — *From a news item in The New York Daily News.*

A portrait of the late Maurice E. Connolly, former Borough President of Queens, who was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the city in the construction of the Queens sewer system, and sentenced to a year in jail, will be among a group of seven portraits honoring the presidents of the borough that will be hung in the new Borough Hall Building in Kew Gardens, it was learned yesterday. — *News story in The New York Times.*

While buildings crashed about his specially toned pink brick façade, finished the day war began, Captain Molyneux continued his designing, never taking inspiration from the deadlier sights about him, always sticking to the brighter side of life. — *From a story by Whitelaw Reid in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Bingo!

Doris Damrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Damrow, was awarded to Erwin Wilz at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. — *Society item in The Chicago Beverly Review.*

Less Red Tape in Those Days, Maybe

QUESTION: Do you know what physician was the first priest-physician of whom we have a record?

ANSWER: Imhotep, who lived about 3000 B. C. He was the most influential man in Egypt at that time. Imhotep gave such an impetus to medicine that about 700 years later it had become well organized. — *From The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Merry Christmas!

Doesn't the thought of playing Santa Claus to a nation thrill you? Get a picture of the number of stockings that are to be well filled. See the Mama and Dy-Dee dolls, the red sleds, the shining doll buggies, the streamlined trains, rollicking games, ties, shirts, dresses—even refrigerators, furniture and stoves—from Wards Stores that will go into gay Christmas stockings if you are gracious, kind, alert, prompt and helpful—a truly jovial helper of the Good Saint. — *From a booklet issued to all employees by the Department of Training of Montgomery Ward.*

For Whom?

Music Publisher wishes investor for immediate exploitation; exceptional opportunity. — *Advertisement in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Road to Rome

SIR: The text of Mortimer Adler's recent paper, "God and the Professors" (to which Sidney Hook replied in the October 28 issue of your magazine), has just been printed in full in the student newspaper of the University of Chicago, and I have just finished reading it.

As a former graduate student in the positivistic-minded philosophy department of the University, and a present resident of the campus community, I would like to make a plea to the readers of *The New Republic*.

Pray for the conversion of Mr. Adler.

Mr. Adler has stated many times that he intellectually accepts the doctrines of the Roman creed, but that he lacks the divine faith necessary for conversion and entrance into the Church. There is strong traditional precedent for such an attitude. Gilbert Chesterton, for example, wrote his "Orthodoxy," one of the greatest of modern Catholic apologies, almost fifteen years before he joined the Church.

So let us unite in prayer for Mr. Adler. And on the date that he enters Rome, let academic circles proclaim a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. For Mr. Adler's brilliant and exasperating rhetoric will at last have found a home; and out of the dialectic fog will emerge a shape definite enough to be recognized, and solid enough to be worthy of honorable combat.

Chicago, Ill.

MARTIN GARDNER

SIR: Was Professor Sidney Hook's severe critique of Mortimer Adler's paper, "God and the Professors," presented by you as a book review or as a philosophic disputation? There is an obvious difference: you can't print the books along with the reviews, but a philosophic disputation is meaningless without both disputants being presented.

I am not taking issue with Professor Hook. I think only that your liberal policy requires you to print Mr. Adler's remarks, which Professor Hook attacks.

Chicago, Ill.

RICHARD W. B. LEWIS

[Professor Hook's paper was printed as he delivered it before an audience who had just listened to Mr. Adler. In response to this and other requests, we print below the sixteen propositions which Mr. Adler advances as a test for the positivistic tendencies of the professors and hence—since "I say that the most serious threat to democracy is the positivism of the professors"—for their ability to understand democracy. — THE EDITORS]

With respect to philosophy, the following propositions must be affirmed. He who denies any one of them denies philosophy. 1. Philosophy is public knowledge, not private opinion, in the same sense that science is knowledge, not opinion. 2. Philosophical knowledge answers questions which science cannot answer, now or ever, because its method is not adapted to answering such questions. 3. Because their methods are thus distinct, each being adapted to a different object of inquiry, philosophical and scientific knowledge are logically independent of one another, which means that the truth and falsity of philosophical principles or conclusions does not depend upon the changing content of scientific knowledge. 4. Philosophy is superior to science, both theoretically and practically: theoretically, because it is knowledge of the being of things, whereas science studies only their phenomenal manifestations; practically, because philosophy establishes moral conclusions, whereas scientific knowledge yields only technological applications; this last point means that science can

give us only a control over operable means, but it cannot make a single judgment about good and bad, right and wrong, in terms of the ends of human life. 5. There can be no conflict between scientific and philosophic truths, although philosophers may correct the errors of scientists who try to answer questions beyond their professional competence, just as scientists can correct the errors of philosophers guilty of a similar transgression. 6. There are no systems of philosophy, each of which may be considered true in its own way by criteria of internal consistency, each differing from the others, as so many systems of geometry, in terms of different origins in diverse, but equally arbitrary, postulates or definitions. 7. The first principles of all philosophical knowledge are metaphysical, and metaphysics is valid knowledge of both sensible and supra-sensible being. 8. Metaphysics is able to demonstrate the existence of supra-sensible being, for it can demonstrate the existence of God, by appealing to the evidence of the senses and the principles of reason, and without any reliance upon articles of religious faith. . . .

With respect to religion, the following propositions must be affirmed. He who denies any one of them denies religion, in any sense which makes it distinct in character from science and philosophy. 1. Religion involves knowledge of God and of man's destiny, knowledge which is not naturally acquired in the sense in which both science and philosophy are natural knowledge. 2. Religious faith, on which sacred theology rests, is itself a supernatural act of the human intellect, and is thus a Divine gift. 3. Because God is its cause, faith is more certain than knowledge resulting from the purely natural action of the human faculties. 4. What is known by faith about God's nature and man's destiny is knowledge which exceeds the power of the human intellect to attain without God's revelation of Himself and His Providence. 5. Sacred theology is independent of philosophy, in that its principles are truths of faith, whereas philosophical principles are truths of reason, but this does not mean that theology can be speculatively developed without reason serving faith. 6. There can be no conflict between philosophical and theological truths, although theologians may correct the errors of philosophers who try to answer questions beyond the competence of natural reason, just as philosophers can correct the errors of theologians who violate the autonomy of reason. 7. Sacred theology is superior to philosophy, both theoretically and practically: theoretically, because it is more perfect knowledge of God and His creatures; practically, because moral philosophy is insufficient to direct man to God as his last end. 8. Just as there are no systems of philosophy, but only philosophical knowledge less or more adequately possessed by different men, so there is only one true religion, less or more adequately embodied in the existing diversity of creeds.

Plan or Perish

SIR: I have read "Standards of Living and of Life" (*The New Republic*, December 9), and agree with it completely. As why should I not? I have been hollering along this line ever since I wrote "The Economy of Abundance." It begins to look, furthermore, as if hollering might presently give way to tangible performance. "Plan or perish" is a good slogan for the 1940's. I think we can take it for granted that a nation which does not plan during this ominous decade will perish.

Georgetown, Conn.

STUART CHASE

SIR: As I read the article, "Standards of Living and of Life," I was more moved than you would perhaps believe to see at last another and vigorous enlistment in a cause I have served so long.

Again and again we have taken the wrong road. We still, as an official policy, regard the land as a kind of poorhouse where

the unfortunate and incompetent will give a minimum of trouble—they and their oversize families. We are still trying to make owners out of tenants (which is all right on a small scale) and believing it is some kind of answer to their problems and to society's.

Of course it is not. We ought to separate about 5,000,000 families from commercial use of the land. In doing so we should not only clear the way for technical advance in farming but also open a way out at least for the children of the unfortunate who are on the whole an excellent racial stock.

New York City

R. G. TUGWELL

Opticals and Bottlenecks

SIR: The article by Alan Barth in your issue of December 2 says, "Thurman Arnold showed recently how German patent control of Bausch and Lomb kept essential instruments from army and navy use."

Mr. Arnold did not show this at all. As a matter of fact the armed services have never complained. Rather have they commended Bausch and Lomb efforts to develop the best types of optical instruments.

I have been a subscriber and an admirer of the policies of *The New Republic*, and I know that you are primarily interested in getting at the meat of an argument and not merely calling names.

Rochester, N. Y.

EVERETT W. MELSON

SIR: "Calling names" was no part of my intention in the reference to Bausch and Lomb to which Mr. Melson takes exception. I attached no blame to the firm's arrangement with Zeiss—a common enough business practice. Since it had received much recent publicity, it seemed a handy illustration of my point—that the practice creates bottlenecks in defense production.

In the anti-trust action which he instituted against Bausch and Lomb Optical Company *et al.*, Thurman Arnold showed, at least to the satisfaction of a grand jury, that—to quote the indictment—"the defendants have directly, substantially and unreasonably restrained interstate and foreign commerce in military optical instruments; have exacted arbitrary, artificial, unreasonable and noncompetitive prices from purchasers of military optical instruments, including the government of the United States. . . ."

As a result of this indictment, Bausch and Lomb paid a \$40,000 fine and entered into a consent decree with the Department of Justice. In fairness, it should be noted that the decree constituted no admission of guilt; but it did enjoin the company from carrying out the provisions of its agreements with Zeiss.

My article did not suggest that Bausch and Lomb had deliberately or unpatriotically withheld instruments from the army and navy. No doubt it was happy to supply them. But its arrangement with Zeiss gave it a monopoly position and, by thus throttling competition, put the United States at a disadvantage when the need for optical instruments became urgent. It also gave to Zeiss, and consequently to the German government, a royalty on every bit of military equipment purchased from Bausch and Lomb.

Washington, D. C.

ALAN BARTH

The Web of Hope

SIR: One reason why we must continue to help others while we can in these tough times is that no man or woman on earth is safe from that sudden turn in the fortunes of war that can change you overnight from a citizen with a place in the world, a farm, a job, a business, into a starving, itching, freezing, helpless piece of roadside litter: a refugee.

None of us knows when his turn may come. If it does come, our only hope will lie in the frail web of understanding of one man for the pain of another. That is the only thing that differentiates the human race from a pack of wolves. Every time we dig into our pockets to help somebody less fortunate than ourselves we strengthen that web. We all know, and we try for our sleep's sake not to be always remembering it, that all over Europe today are huddled groups of refugees from political and national and racial persecutions. They are dying by inches in barbed-wire pens.

I am writing as treasurer, to bring to your attention the Joint Campaign for Political Refugees, 2 West Forty-third Street, New York City, in which the International Relief Association and the New World Resettlement Fund are coöperating. All money raised will be immediately applied to getting refugees out of Europe by whatever means prove feasible in each particular case.

New York City

JOHN DOS PASSOS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

No monotony in the job of opening letters on a journal of opinion, although some danger. New Republic readers shoot from angles and from the hip. In the order in which a few came, to give you an idea. . . .

Stanley Schestack, of Philadelphia: "Enclosed is the letter which accompanied the Articles of Confederation when they were sent to the legislatures of the various states for ratification. I believe that the same Articles of Confederation should be used as a basis for a federation of all the nations of the Western Hemisphere." (Look up the letter he speaks of, which we haven't room to print. It's interesting.)

J. Howard Davis, Seattle, Washington: "I wish to express my appreciation for a review by Nigel Dennis dealing with two books by H. G. Wells (*The New Republic*, December 2). Whatever Mr. Wells's limitations may be, he has never deserved the indifference—even the ridicule and contempt—which most reviewers have shown him. It is gratifying to find a reviewer who can estimate a book which is admittedly a popularization according to its own standards."

Eunice Armstrong, Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York: "If the Edmund Wilson reviews of Saroyan, Storm and Steinbeck had been in *The New Yorker*, I should have known they were funny. But what are they meant to be in *The New Republic*? And why would you ask Wilson to do them? It seems like having Ozzie Nelson review a performance by Toscanini." (Sometimes they shoot with their eyes closed.)

Marian Hubbard, Kalamazoo, Michigan: "I wonder if you have any idea of the widespread influence of 'Wave of the Future' among the middle classes? I hope there comes at least one person who can interpret the New Deal to the middle class as 'movingly' as Mrs. Lindbergh's followers say she has interpreted the 'forces of the future.'"

J. L. Jackson, Champaign, Illinois: "Being a theme-puncher, I cannot resist adding my voice to the anguished cries of my brethren who are sure to write in about your error of diction, 'due to' for 'because,' an adjective incorrectly substituted for the adverb, December 9, p. 797, line 4 of the Joyce appeal."

Maynard D. Follin, Dunedin, Florida: "For twenty-odd years I have been reading in your paper about 'Communists.' In order to help me escape the Dies Committee, with which I might become involved through some indiscretion, may I propose that you print an article precisely defining what a 'Communist' is?"

S. Eisen, New York City: "Isn't it about time that you helped to uncover this Communist swindle and Communist attempt to sabotage our national defense, if not wreck it? Isn't it about time?"

Books in Review

Conrad: Nel Mezzo del Cammin

CONRAD'S REPUTATION, at its height when he died in 1924, has hardly begun to recover from the critical reaction which set in soon thereafter, but meanwhile the decline of the hard-won prestige and romantic apotheosis of his last ten years is not to be wholly deplored. Tardy popularity brought him the recognition and wealth he had despaired of reaching during the desperate struggles of his first twenty years of authorship, but it was largely promoted by journalists and enthusiasts about whose motives he, who found so many ways of being unhappy, was never exactly easy. Their operative version of his personality and talent still taxes correction by the serious reader. They set him up as a romantic fabulist, a sea writer, and a yarn-spinner, titles that made him fume. If he was taken more soberly, it was as a moral confessor who offered a flattering brand of the easy muscular stoicism that comes so patly to the tongue of modern agonists. After George Moore pronounced the esthetic veto on his labors ("the wreck of Henry James floating on the slops of Robert Louis Stevenson"), it needed only the painful sentimentality of Christopher Morley and the dilutions of William McFee and similar pipe-sucking imitators to demote the author of "Victory" and "Under Western Eyes" from his place of respected fellowship with James, Gide and Mann to the rank of a somber yea-sayer for the stolidly manly virtues and hypnotic moral complacency that readily pass as substitutes for serious thought, tragic insight and humane virtue in modern fiction and drama.

There is little reason to suppose that, had Conrad expounded his problems as a moralist, they would not have remained the glimmering enigma that soothes the slack moral sensibility of his age in his personal writings and beyond which his stubbornly secretive, abruptly defensive nature did not permit him to go. His critical sense of heroic values was confused and given a sphinx's mask. Forster's statement that "the secret casket of his genius contains a vapor rather than a jewel" remains a fairly classic definition of his limitations on this score. But Conrad was a novelist and dramatic artist in human character. His tales are always more than the sum of his conscious motives and critical faculties, and it is the critic's task to rescue them from romantic convention and collegiate classic-worship and to see in them a complex of forces and sensibility beyond their trappings of exoticism and conscious grandeur. A few of his phrases ("Mistah Kurtz—he dead" under the title of Eliot's "Hollow Men"; "in the destructive element immerse" in books by Richards, Spender and Wyndham Lewis; "to make you see" in a dozen recent critical redac-

tions; and also James's reference to Conrad's method as "the way to do a thing that shall make it undergo most doing") have done more to stimulate a serious approach to his talent and import than the whole thorny weight of hero-worship that rested so uneasily on his head when he died.

The two books now published—Conrad's letters to his distant cousin, the Polish-Belgian novelist Marguerite Poradowska, and Mr. Gordan's monumental study of his beginnings in authorship—have a special documentary value for criticism. Both present Conrad in the distracted middle years of his life, when he was making a harassed transition from his Polish youth, French exploits and British maritime service to reluctant professionalism as a novelist. Mr. Gordan says that the two parts of Conrad's life were halved as by a knife, but the cut was not clean. It was made in a mental state bordering on desperation, if not on actual derangement. Conrad had made no clear decision about abandoning the sea; he struggled to get a new command even after 1900, when his first five books were already published. To the sense of guilt which his profoundly susceptible temperament already carried as a result of his youthful desertion of Poland and his family's part in the revolutionary cause there, were now added his fears of entering on a career of maddening risk and uncertainty in art. His physical health had been undermined in Orient and Congo; his mental health also became painfully disorganized. He took up a precarious literary career in what became, once the purely amateur exhilaration of "Almay-er's Folly" was over, the most distraught and irresolute state of mind possible; he was perpetually aggravated by exhausted inspiration and morbid crises; marriage soon added bread-winning to his perplexities. He was never-free from Baudelaire's "*stérilités des écrivains nerveux*" . . . that anguished suspension of all power of thought that comes to one often in the midst of a very revel of production, like the slave with his *memento mori* at a feast."

Mme. Poradowska had already figured in his adventures: she was the Belgian friend to whom he applied in 1890 (like Marlow in "Heart of Darkness") for recommendations that led to his appointment to a Congo River steamer. The Congo journey was his first conscious descent into Hell, the climb up from which took virtually the rest of his life. When, alone in London and groping for literary connections, he began to repair his fortunes, he found his "aunt" in Brussels his single confidante in western Europe and her talent his only link with the hostile world of professional writing. His letters to her sound with the suicidal gloom of the Congo voyage, the homeless desolation of London, the terrifying blankness of the unwritten page, his fear of solitude and death ("the only two things that make life bearable"), his bewildered anxieties about publishers and reviewers, his "attacks of melancholy that paralyze my mind and will," his confessions of despair, of boredom, of nervous exhaustion, and of the fact that "it is my nature to be a miserable creature—a moral pauper,

¹ Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist, by John Dozier Gordan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 430 pages. \$4.

Letters of Joseph Conrad to Marguerite Poradowska: 1890-1920. Translated from the French and edited with an Introduction; notes and appendices, by John A. Gee and Paul J. Sturm. New Haven: Yale University Press. 147 pages. \$2.75.

bankrupt of courage." Obviously these years of the nineties brought to a crisis the natural irresolution, excitement and maniacal self-absorption of Conrad's temper. His veerings between indolence and despair, his haunted sense of guilt and indecision, his feeling of political cowardice in betraying a family trust, his fretting suspicions and trussed-up sense of honor, his tranced compulsion to write in the face of stupendous handicaps of scruple, language and mental insecurity, all describe the state of soul out of which, by an appalling exertion of will-power, his books were wrought, their style determined, their characters and psychological method conjured, their actual themes and substance evoked.

Mr. Gordan has made an exhaustive examination of this period of Conrad's life; his book's mountainous documentation reveals not only the Ph.D. thesis but an intrepidity of zeal worthy of its hero. He gives an eighty-page analysis of the growth of Conrad's early texts, revisions and word-changes based on all available MS. sources. Another hundred pages are devoted to a dated chronology of the early tales and all facts pertaining to them; forty more go to summarizing Conrad's conquest of the public through book-reviews and criticisms; the "four sources" of the early stories are detailed in forty-seven pages that describe Mr. Gordan's own tracing of Conrad's footsteps in the Orient and his location of Conrad's plots and characters in Eastern maritime records, in the career of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, and in prototypes of Almayer, Willems, Kurtz and Lord Jim; another chapter describes the "pattern of the careers" of Conrad, his relatives and his characters. One chapter has 374 footnotes, another 431, another 562, and the book a total of 1,956. Yet for once the complaint one makes of this grand total is that it isn't larger. Much more of the book's body should have gone into footnotes, since large tracts of it, swarming with statistics, references, dates and names, are hardly readable in any ordinary sense at all. If one hesitates to speak of the volume as critically inept it is because it is critically nonexistent. Its arguments seldom rise above accepting at face-value the justice and validity of every correction, revision and erasure Conrad ever made in his pages, and Mr. Gordan's sense of the fundamental artistic and conceptual problems involved in Conrad's labors and published texts never rises above a total immersion in his material. He does no more than hint at the emergence of Conrad's style, dramatic method and tragic concepts from his moral and temperamental history; he thinks Gustaf Morf's speculations on the Polish motives and psychic patterns operating behind the tales "extravagant," and so dismisses them. It seems a pity that anyone who has devoted as much labor and travel to Conrad as Mr. Gordan has should allow only the dimmest possible presentiment of the esthetic and psychological significance of his material to declare itself, and should make his book indispensable to Conrad students at the cost of making it indigestible except as a kind of statistician's report. Fortunately it is copiously indexed and so makes its facts available to those who will know how to use them.

The material of such a book rests, at best, at a secondary level of significance, and even that significance remains inert and pointless unless it is subsumed to the method, rationale and animus that finally define themselves in Conrad's tales. Those tales, with their repeated patterns of

conduct, ordeal and conscience, their tenacious fixity of impulse, their deviously incremental sincerity and exhaustive penetration of static or trance-bound situations, their centripetal mode of moral and dramatic analysis, had their source in a creative necessity of a peculiar kind. Conrad's talent was agonized but persistent, not instinctively dramatic, not natively inventive, not naturally precocious or boldly inspired; yet it succeeded in making powerful fiction out of desperate obstacles, in dramatizing the *idées fixes* of the obsessed conscience, in draining the classic moral situations and the pathos of modern skepticism of the last drop of their blood, in conjuring a personal method and style out of a profound condition of introversion and so in adding to English fiction, during a period of triumphant journalism and commercialized banalities, an exotic force of language and genuine splendor of moral insight that now appear as two of its few redeeming assets. Conrad's letters make the justice of connecting his art with his personal history imperative. Mr. Gordan has supplied the dates and facts of his formative years to the last iota. The fuller integration of the facts, the man and the books—a labor begun by James, Garnett, Morf and Crankshaw—remains a major problem in the critical assessment of Conrad's remarkable achievement in modern fiction.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

More American Songs

A Treasury of American Song, by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. New York: Howell, Soskin and Company. 351 pages. \$5.

THIS IS A TALL, HANDSOME VOLUME, of nearly two hundred songs—words, airs and accompaniments. It is primarily for use at the piano, but it is interspersed with notes on many of the individual songs, and with a well informed critical and historical essay for each of the sixteen main divisions, which range from the importations of the first settlers to Woody Guthrie's "Tom Joad." The scheme, in short, is roughly that of Carl Sandburg's "The American Song Bag." The "Song Bag" was a work of positive inspiration, which one should unhesitatingly choose were a choice necessary. But in one respect the Treasury excels the Song Bag. Sandburg obtained his musical settings from an assortment of sources, with results varying all the way from triumph to disaster. The accompaniments in the present work are with few exceptions Mr. Siegmeister's, and except for a few complicated attempts which seem to follow some individual folksinger's vagaries of time, they are unpretentious and practicable—thus excellent for the promotion of actual home singing.

To just what extent volumes of this sort will widen the field of communal song is a matter of doubt. If one considers the customers of bought books as a class, one realizes that the body of song upon which that class draws *in convivio* is a pretty limited one. The reviewer knows from his own experience that there have been few accretions to that body from the innumerable folksongs which have poured through the presses these fifteen years past. Most of the body, indeed, as well as most of the accretions, have come through, if not originally from, Tin Pan Alley and its predecessors. It was Broadway that taught "Casey Jones"

and "Frankie and Johnnie" to the nation, and it is doubtful whether the nation will take the "Erie Canal" to its heart till Broadway asks it to. Folk-song as such is characteristically a stay-at-home, and if "Barbara Allen" has many homes, still they are the scattered homes of her own kind.

However that may be, there are plenty of good tunes here, both of commerce and of the folk; most of the old standbys, and a good many not so familiar but worth knowing. Chanteys, pioneer and minstrel songs, Civil War play-songs, hill-billy, cowboy, work songs, modern miscellany and an unusually fine collection of old patriotic songs—one wonders why on earth George and Garnett's "Ode to the Fourth of July" is not sung on every Independence Day program.

The volume appears to have been hastily proofread; thus, first verses are sometimes labeled second, as on page 53, or omitted, as on page 151. More care might have been given to crediting sources. I believe that the version of "Zip Coon" ("Turkey in the Straw") presented here, which was published in 1834, is not the original one, but that the song dates back to well before that year (see Spaeth's example in "Read 'Em and Weep"). I should not entertain the suggestion that Stephen Foster got "Camptown Races" from "Sacramento" without better evidence than similarity, nor should I peaceably accept the spelling "Itiskit, Itaskit." But this is a good songbook.

ABBE NILES

Scandal in the Cloakroom

The Inheritors, by Philip Atlee. New York: The Dial Press. 305 pages. \$2.50.

PHILIP ATLEE's lost generation of 1935 is so like Scott Fitzgerald's lost generation of 1918 that we can only conclude that if they drink enough, they all get lost. Atlee writes of the younger Country Club set around Fort Worth with the freshness and ease of a natural talent on the loose, and if he gets a touch sentimental trying to find cosmic meaning in their good time—after all, Fitzgerald got away with it, and there's nothing like trying.

George Jimble III and a few other Dead End kids in white ties are the idle grandchildren of the old Texas oil pioneers. Their pranks and parties give the book the wholesome juvenile gayety of a prom novel, even though the pranks verge on the criminal and in less fortunate youths would undoubtedly send them up the river. Young Atlee's ebullient style, however, makes arson and rape and alcoholism seem like the sunniest bits of mischief, and no somber philosophizing on what's-the-world-coming-to can get him out of it. These little folks live in a hangover haze that decent older citizens have striven years to achieve, and frankly depict Fort Worth as a runner-up for the New Orleans festival crown. The scattering story has the vitality and conviction of scandal whispered in the cloakroom about the merry-makers you can glimpse in the ballroom beyond.

The author's statement that all the characters are no younger than eighteen and no older than twenty-five makes the romances a little less than deathless; indeed the hardened old reader may become apprehensive lest one of the beautiful and willing young sirens end up permanently scarred by a Scout button.

DAWN POWELL

What People Want

The Plans of Man, by Leonard W. Doob. New Haven: Yale University Press. 411 pages. \$3.

THE IDEALS of the great humanitarians, symbolized by such names as Milton, Rousseau and Lincoln, have been crystallized into the maxim: "Become rich, each man for himself, and this will secure riches for all." Yet we find that societies based on this maxim fall into immediate destruction on the first resolute challenge. The author realizes this fact, notes the confused aims of our day, and looks for help to the sciences, seeking more absolute ideals or criteria of value.

He finds such ideals only in psychological science, which yields the fundamental rule that men should so arrange their lives and social institutions as to avoid psychological frustration (gain harmony, as the reviewer would put it). The presence of frustration is shown by a clear symptom, aggressiveness in some direction. It gives rise to an adaptive response, the endeavor to obtain a satisfaction, which can be a substitute for that denied. Fundamental needs (besides sex and organic satisfaction) are for prestige, security and some form of generalized activity (for idleness is frustration). Later Dr. Doob points out that men, to survive, must have social contacts.

Both free and unfree societies may satisfy all these needs and, in fact, the totalitarian societies of today aim more explicitly at doing so than our own laissez-faire type, which only tries to obtain them by a side wind, as it were. Their attraction is that they give people many of the things they need—if only on a low standard, so far—and save them from personal responsibility for their own welfare. One can scarcely be surprised that people should prefer this to the impossible worry of recent years. But in abandoning the freedom to seek their own welfare, are they not abandoning something demonstrably essential to human nature? The author often emphasizes that human nature can be trained to find any plan of life fairly acceptable. In one place he says, ". . . a task is frustrating to the extent that it prevents the attainment of *other* goals, and the satisfaction of *other* drives, that are important to the individual." Can human nature really be molded so that no other goals or drives exist than are the result of training by authority?

The reviewer would find the answer in an inherent creative or constructive urge, necessary to survival, which requires large self-directed activities, if frustration is to be avoided. An opportunity to exercise love and devotion is necessary also, since this, too, is a fundamental human need. That would make freedom (not necessarily excluding some centralized activities) an ultimate value of the unfrustrated individual.

The later part of the book, dealing with the way in which men's lives are planned, does not contain the bold criticism of existing institutions in the light of the author's system of values, that one might expect. It does, however, contain many striking and valuable points. In general the reviewer agrees with Dr. Doob in feeling that more rational values are the first need of the age, and that they can be found only through science.

F. CREEDY

Walpole and Trelawny

Trelawny, by Margaret Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 379 pages. \$3.

Horace Walpole, by R. W. Ketton-Cremer. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 379 pages. \$3.

TRELAWNY'S LIFE is a huge sprawling saga, a romantic period piece whose action and setting fantastically mingle the varied literary enthusiasms of the age. There is a bleak childhood prologue; then three long and brilliantly colored acts shifting over the globe from the Mauritius to Niagara, and ranging in theme from violent melodrama to the tragic tableau of Shelley's funeral pyre flaming by the blue Spezzian bay; last, a sunset epilogue filled with wild hues slowly calming to level light.

Trelawny's father, a miserly Cornish squire, hated his ungovernable younger son, and Trelawny was one of those boys who with ill treatment grow ever more wild, sullen and ferociously defiant; his father packed him off to sea. The first act is reminiscent of both Marryat and Melville's green-fronded isles in the South Seas. The British navy was still the brutal bullying institution of Captain Bligh; in Bombay, Trelawny battered a Scotch lieutenant to unconsciousness and deserted to a French privateer. On board he read Shakespeare, Plutarch, Ossian and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, fought and captured British frigates and pirates all the way from Isle of France to Madagascar, and took an Arab bride. But Zela did not live long, and in 1813, still not twenty, Trelawny returned to England.

He looked one of the very Laras or Giaours that Byron, that vulgar poseur of genius, was creating and striving to imitate; their reckless and impassioned rebellion against restraint Trelawny shared, but with a naïve reverence for virtue and beauty and none of their bitterness. He had become an enthusiast for the poetry of Shelley, awed and eager at the thought of meeting his idol and his idol's friend Byron. He did; Byron alternately fascinated and repelled him, but the friendship with Shelley was the great spiritual experience of his life. It was the tragic second act, too, for Trelawny aroused in Shelley a passion for sailing and painfully identified the mutilated body cast up by the sea. Trelawny took charge of the rites in which Shelley's body was consumed, as Zela's had been ten years ago, and burned his hand removing the heart, Leigh Hunt's *cordium*, from the ashes.

The third act took him to Greece with Byron. But he had never really liked Byron, he became impatient with his dawdling at Metaxata and longed to see Athens. Trelawny joined the Greek chieftain Odysseus in guerilla war against the Turks, and Byron went to Missolonghi. When that fevered swamp did its work, Trelawny came and took charge once more, sorting over all papers and arranging to have the body sent to England. With the naval victory of Navarino, which brought Grecian freedom from Turkish rule, his great days of adventure were over. But even an epilogue, for Trelawny, was more packed with excitement than the whole drama of many men. He traveled in America, fell in love with Fanny Kemble, swam the Niagara and was almost swept over the Falls, disgusted that his escape was due to luck rather than to his own exertions, married at fifty for the fourth time and sepa-

rated from his wife at sixty-eight. (He had divorced his second wife for infidelity and been divorced from his third, a Greek lady, by mutual agreement.) At seventy-six he was still enjoying sea-bathing.

Miss Armstrong's romantic biography is reliable in its facts and vivid in dramatic detail, but it shares some of the deficiencies of the romantic approach. The East Indian scenes are lush with exotic brushwork: green valleys, iridescent water, coral sands, tropical birds, odors of musk and jasmine, scarlet silken cushions. In later sections, Trelawny is sometimes abandoned for pages of digression on the Shelleys, Jane and Edward Williams, Byron, Clare Clairmont, and the wily Mavrocordato. The more than half a century by which Trelawny survived Byron's death receives such hasty summary as to suggest that Miss Armstrong grew bored at that point and wanted to shuffle off the rest as rapidly as possible. But for all these weaknesses the book gives a glowing portrait of the fervent younger Trelawny.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer has used the unrivaled W. S. Lewis collection of published and unpublished Walpole material to produce what now becomes the definitive scholarly biography. Without Miss Armstrong's bravura or indeed much art except clarity, candor and good sense, his biography is content with a sober narrating and documentation of Walpole's vivacious career as man of fashion, dilettante, wit, antiquarian and writer. If it needs to be proved that Macaulay's glittering distortion was a caricature, Mr. Ketton-Cremer proves it, and shows that Walpole had judgment, loyalty and tenderness as well as a sharp and clever tongue. Walpole's letters, he shows—and the Yale Edition now in progress proves the point—were more than merely fascinating epistles; they were a deliberate and many-faceted social history of their age.

EDGAR JOHNSON

The Barometer of Education

AMERICAN EDUCATION is a sensitive barometer of the restless social weather. Today defense measures, reinvigorated patriotism, attacks on civil liberties, are affecting almost every phase of public-school or university life; and while no extended examinations of new educational problems raised by the immediate crisis have had time to appear, we may fully expect a variety of reactions which will differ within the profession quite as violently as they do in society at large. As a matter of fact, education for some years has been converging, however awkwardly, toward left-to-right patterns not unlike the patterns in economics, politics, medicine or art. And it has also been revealing much the same brands of contradiction, prejudice and uncertainty about its own fundamental methods and aims. Today, its leaders are doing more honest soul-searching than ever before in the history of American education. But there are also deep-rooted differences among them, which, if anything, are likely to sharpen as the new decade unfolds in an atmosphere of conflict and confusion intensified by war.

The recent situation is almost symbolized by what has probably been the most widely debated issue of the year among educators. Due largely to the University of Iowa's widely publicized experiments on the modifiability of intelli-

gence under radical environmental change, the whole quarrel over the IQ and its meaning has broken out afresh. "Intelligence: Its Nature and Nurture" (Public School Publishing Company; 2 Parts, \$6) covers most of the recent experiments and disagreements.

There is, however, something profoundly depressing about a work which devotes, out of a total of 880 pages, a scant 45 to explicit treatment of socio-economic factors, and which ignores almost wholly its own implicit assumptions. Surely it is at least a fair question whether the apparently irreconcilable differences between hereditarians and environmentalists do not lie as much in the sphere of philosophic premises about human nature and social evolution, as they do in the sphere of empirical evidence. Not one of the writers seriously inquires, for example, whether IQ constancy might not now steadily increase in America as the mobility of children between economic classes tends to decrease. Without disparaging either the importance or the criticisms of the Iowa studies as such, one still wonders, after reading this volume, whether there is any more real awareness than there was twelve years ago, when the last yearbook on this subject was published, that social forces might have significance even for educational psychology.

Other educators, meanwhile, are very much impressed with the impact of these forces. One volume published last year in the ambitious Regents' Inquiry of New York State—"High School and Life," by F. T. Spaulding (McGraw-Hill, \$3)—gives public education a particularly severe drubbing for clinging to its obsolete curricula in the face of desperate economic needs. But Mr. Spaulding, too, neglects to examine his major premises: he bases his constructive proposals on an acquiescence in the inherited framework of America's economy, and so begs most of the questions he raises. "Learning the Ways of Democracy" and "Education and Economic Well-Being in American Democracy" (Educational Policies Commission, \$1 and 50 cents, respectively), are weakened likewise by their bland assumption of that framework.

Two other books which deal with social questions, but somewhat more solidly, are "Education for Democracy in Our Time," by Jesse H. Newlon (McGraw-Hill, \$2.50), and "The Social Studies in General Education," issued by the Commission on Secondary School Curriculum of the Progressive Education Association (Appleton-Century, \$2.75). Neither anticipates the difficult readjustments which war measures now demand; but Mr. Newlon's, particularly, is still the most thoughtful book of the past year on the much belabored theme of democracy and education.

A majority of the outstanding books continue, in fact, to come from that loosely bounded movement known as progressive education. One which is already having marked influence is "Reorganizing Secondary Education," by V. T. Thayer, Caroline B. Zachry and Ruth Kotinsky (Appleton-Century, \$2.75). Moreover, the three best-known progressive theorists have each recently brought out a volume, none of first importance, yet all distinguished by contrast with the run-of-the-mill. John Dewey's "Education Today" (Putnam's, \$3.75) is a collection of essays dating from 1897 to 1938, many of them hard to obtain elsewhere, most of them marked by the unity and insight characteristic of Mr. Dewey's thought. "Group Education for a Democracy," by William H. Kilpatrick (Associa-

tion Press, \$2) likewise consists mainly of republished but significant articles; and "How We Learn," by Boyd H. Bode (Heath, \$2) is an excellent restatement of the pragmatic-functional psychology as contrasted with earlier ones.

Progressive education is also the main arena of good books dealing with the college level. The 1940 Yearbook of the John Dewey Society, "Teachers for Democracy" (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), struggles valiantly if garrulously with the perplexities of teacher-training. Constance Warren's "A New Design for Women's Education" (Stokes, \$2) is an entertaining as well as capable demonstration, by the president of Sarah Lawrence College, of what can be done to transform college practice from dull routine to exciting adventure. The most analytical contemporary book in the field, however, is Stewart G. Cole's "Liberal Education in a Democracy" (Harper, \$3), which is an earnest effort to rethink this question through familiarity with such seminal minds as the late George Herbert Mead's.

Mr. Cole's sympathy with the philosophy of instrumentalism, on which progressive education of course rests, does not, however, lead him to a full acceptance of it. He concludes that it is a weak philosophy, at least in its cosmic reference; and while other critics would not agree necessarily with his own theistic amendments, he succeeds in focusing attention again upon the fact that progressive education is being challenged more sharply today than at any time since its logical and metaphysical foundations were cemented by John Dewey early in the century. Not only do leaders within the movement dispute over what they themselves mean, but it is being attacked from three different sectors of the educational front. These attacks are at least partially responsible for a shift of attention away from purely "scientific" and "objective" research toward philosophic probings into the reasons for such profound differences as to the real significance of that research for human purposes. Thus a new need arises for theoretical critiques like John S. Brubacher's "Modern Philosophies of Education" (McGraw-Hill, \$3).

Of the three main anti-progressive positions, "authoritarianism" has been comparatively quiet in the literary field since Robert M. Hutchins let go with both barrels about three years ago. The only new book of any importance having close affinity with it is "The Pivotal Problems of Education," by William F. Cunningham (Macmillan, \$3), a scholarly application of Thomist and other Roman Catholic dogmas to American schooling. The argument between progressive and authoritarian education centers, of course, on the importance and meaning of first principles: the former stresses scientific method, the tentative, evolutionary character of all experience; the latter, therefore, accuses it of hodge-podge learning and of aimlessness with regard to the purposes even of education.

The "essentialists," a second main group, offer much the same criticism of the progressive school; they, too, insist upon absolute principles as essential to intellectual discipline and dependable knowledge; but their more conventional temperaments prevent them from agreeing always with what the Hutchins theologians are sure these principles should be. Too often the essentialist doctrine disintegrates, when stripped of its philosophic trappings, into little more than an apologia for the educational *status quo*. Nevertheless, this is not always the case, as is illustrated by Rob-

ert Ulich's "Fundamentals of Democratic Education" (American Book Company, \$2.25). Often sophisticated, at times original, it attempts a synthesis of all the leading strains in modern educational philosophy—even the instrumentalist—a synthesis which Mr. Ulich calls "self-transcendent empiricism" rather than essentialism, but which sounds especially friendly to neo-Kantian idealism.

Although not yet clearly defined as a movement, the third dissenting trend in American education may well be called "reconstructionism." It, too, feels that progressive educators frequently encourage activity-for-activity's sake without either asking or answering definitely, "what for." Therefore it also agrees, in a sense, with the authoritarians on the necessity of basic criteria through which to direct and evaluate educational practice. At this point, however, agreement entirely ends: reconstructionism insists that education must on the one hand be guided, not by a sterile and specious rationalism, but by clear democratic-collectivistic goals, and on the other hand be implemented by potent social and political strategies. That certain sections of the workers' education movement may now be stumbling toward a reconstructionist position is suggested by T. R. Adam in his rather unsympathetic "The Worker's Road to Learning" (American Association for Adult Education, \$1.25). More searchingly, J. B. Berkson has anticipated some aspects of this position in his stimulating "Preface to an Educational Philosophy" (Columbia University Press, \$2.50).

Meanwhile, it is of course obvious that just as authoritarians and essentialists often see eye to eye, so also do progressives and reconstructionists. No one can fairly deny that progressive educators have already rendered, and will continue to render, great services in behalf of democratic reform. If anyone desires further proof, however, let him read Carleton Washburne's "A Living Philosophy of Education" (Day, \$4), for this book, by the president of the Progressive Education Association, is exactly what its title says it is. Nevertheless, the criticisms persisting against progressive education in general, also persist against Mr. Washburne in particular. When ticklish questions of basic economic or social import appear in the offing, he falls back upon the same yes-and-then-again-no logic, which not only wearies many people today, but forces the conjecture that

even the progressive movement as we have known it may be incompetent to meet the grave issues facing free education in the current emergency. His book testifies again to the necessity for an educational point of view which shall emerge from that theory and practice, yet be radically new in power and vision.

THEODORE BRAMELD

Contributors

FRANCIS HACKETT, one of the founding editors of The New Republic, is the author, among other books, of "Henry VIII" and "Francis I." He lived for several years in Denmark.

IRVING DILLIARD, one of the first nine Nieman Fellows at Harvard, has been an editorial writer for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch since 1930.

MILTON KAPLAN is the author of the poem on page 864. There wasn't room on the page for his signature.

ERNEST O. HAUSER has spent a number of years in the Far East as a newspaper correspondent. He is the author of "Shanghai: City for Sale."

FANNIE COOK is the author of short stories, articles, and "The Hill Grows Steeper," a novel published both here and in England. She is chairman of the St. Louis Committee for the Rehabilitation of the Sharecroppers.

EVE MERRIAM has contributed verse to Poetry, The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly, Voices, and other magazines. She lives in New York City.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL edited the anthology: "Literary Opinion in America." He is soon to publish a critical study of nineteenth-century English poetry and a book on Yeats.

ABBE NILES, a practising lawyer, is the author of the article "Jazz" in the Encyclopedia Britannica and, with W. C. Handy, of "Blues: An Anthology."

DAWN POWELL, novelist and playwright, is the author, among other books, of "The Story of a Country Boy," "The Happy Island" and "Angels on Toast."

F. CREEDY is a graduate of the University of London, and author of "Nature Writ Large."

EDGAR JOHNSON is a member of the English department at City College, New York, and the author of "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography."

THEODORE BRAMELD is associate professor of Educational Philosophy at the University of Minnesota. He is editing the Fifth Yearbook of the John Dewey Society.

 **SOUTH WIND**
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
INFORMAL ADULT CAMP — PRIVATE LAKE
ALL WINTER SPORTS
OPEN FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

The Colonials
1125 Fourth St. South, St. Petersburg, Florida. Apartments with housekeeping facilities. Delightfully furnished, constant hot water. Several single rooms with bath. Reasonable rates. Day, month, season. Close to all Amusements, Beaches, Post Office and Business Section.

POSITION WANTED

ANIMATED chap with promotional sleeves wants idea job in publishing. Address: Box 257, The New Republic.

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N. Y.
A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County
Spacious modern house. Alry comfortable rooms. Library, small private lake, all sports. Excellent cuisine. Less than 1 hour from Grand Central. Open All Year. Telephone Armonk Village 955.

Birdland
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly Lewisohn's Estate. Central Valley, N. Y. 1 hr. from N. Y. 225 Acres in fascinating hiking country. 5 miles of paths. Riding, Ice Skating, Skiing. Seasonal sports. Library. Congenial atmosphere. Excellent cuisine. Musical Recordings. Open fireplaces. Adults. Tel.: Highland Mills 7895. Mgt. FANNIE GOLDBERG.

STUDIO FOR RENT

GREENWICH VILLAGE: Artist's large, sunny, quiet, studio; interestingly furnished; elevator, kitchen, bath; panoramic view south and west. Maid service available. Until October or longer. CHelsea 3-6451, or Box 258, The New Republic.

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK
Presented by C. C. N. Y.'s DRAMSOC
ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY!
SATURDAY NIGHT—DECEMBER 28
700 Tickets at 35c & 55c—Others 75c & \$1.00
at NEW THEATRE LEAGUE
110 West 47th St. CHickering 4-8198

WEARING APPAREL

"VALUES NOT LABELS" at Miss Goodman's, who is having a special reduction on all her exclusive model dresses, coats and stunning dinner and evening gowns. 474 7th Avenue (36th St.). LA 4-4013.

LANGUAGES

BARGAIN PHONOGRAPH COURSES. We sell, rent, purchase, exchange. All makes. 20 different sets in French alone. Mail orders. Request Booklet R. LANGUAGE SERVICE. 18 East 41st St., N. Y. C.

FURNISHED ROOM

LARGE, BEAUTIFUL STUDIO ROOM, suitable two, private family. Emelin, 30 W. 47th Street, N. Y.